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### CHRONICLE.

In-Parliament.  
Lords.

A SHORT sitting of the Upper House yesterday week was entirely devoted to the conduct of the Education Department, on which very unfavourable comment was, with good reason, made. The Bishop of SALISBURY exposed one of the little backways by which Mr. ACLAND is trying to put voluntary schools at disadvantage, and Lord MONTAGUE drew attention to the singular case of the Southampton School Board, where the Department, at the instance of a private association of Board School teachers, held an inquisition into the Board's conduct without giving it notice. In both instances the conduct of the Department appears discreditable; but the second has one cheering feature about it, for it is not wholly unfortunate that the Department and the teachers' trade-unions should disgust School Boards themselves.

The Report stage of the Parish Councils Bill on Monday was taken advantage of in the Lords, with the usual businesslike spirit of that House, to get the measure into something like thorough working order. For it had come up such a chaos from the Commons that, independently of Opposition amendments, literally scores had been made by the Government themselves in Committee. This process was still continued, but the "fighting changes," as they may be called, naturally took most time and attention. The most important of them were a well-thought-out scheme of Lord MORLEY's substituting simpler and cheaper machinery for the acquisition of allotments, while not doing away with the safeguards introduced by the Lords, and two of Lord SELBORNE's providing that both Parish Councillors and Poor-law Guardians shall be actual ratepayers, these latter being accompanied by provisions making it easier for any contributable to pay his rates direct.

The Commons also assembled on Monday, but found nothing more inspiring after their month's holiday than the Lords' Amendments (and the very considerable Government ditto) to the Scotch Fisheries Bill. The extremely useful work which the Upper House had done with this measure (which left the Lower originally in a state of complete tangle and almost undiscussed) was acknowledged by the adoption of some forty improvements, but six were rejected, and the usual "reasons" drawn up

for disagreeing. The debate touched party politics very little, and consisted mainly of a prolonged wrangle between the Scotch members as to the inclusion or exclusion of their own constituents with regard to the benefits and burdens of the Bill.

Lords.

The Parish Councils Bill, as amended, was read a third time by the House of Lords, without a division, on Tuesday. Lord WEMYSS, indeed, fortifying himself on the authority of Lord GREY, wished recommitment for further consideration of the Poor-law clauses; and, no doubt, there might be a good deal to be said for this. But Lord SALISBURY, while admitting as much, did not see his way to accepting Lord WEMYSS's suggestion, and recommended the speeding of the measure back to the Commons; ending with a graceful and well-deserved compliment to Lord KIMBERLEY, not merely for the pains he had taken with the ill-conditioned brat committed to his charge (pains represented by pages on pages of Government amendments), but for the patience and courtesy which he had displayed in a very difficult position. And, indeed—odd as it may seem to see a man of Lord KIMBERLEY's position, experience, and ability accepting the task of pleading for measures which he must know to be mischievous—it cannot be denied that his temper and fortitude have been quite admirable. It should be observed that he threw over—with delicacy, but decidedly—his right honourable colleague the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY of LANCASTER, on whom Lord WEMYSS had commented with agreeable truth and freedom.

Commons.

In the Commons Mr. GLADSTONE made suitable reference to the late Sir GERALD PORTAL, in promising the Uganda Report at some future time, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated positively that there was no intention of altering the policy recently pursued in regard to Indian finance. Then the Lords' Amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill were considered, the Government, as had been rumoured, adopting what was called the "COBB compromise" of allowing free contracting out in existing societies for three years, and no more. To the immense chagrin of the Gladstonians, this was carried by two only—a practical defeat for the Government. And though in the subsequent division, forbidding the formation of new societies, the majority was increased to 22, this reduction from the 62

formerly recorded on the point appears to have caused equal vexation, displayed in the absurd plea that the House of Commons is so mad with the House of Lords that it would rather have all their amendments than a part of them. In the debate Mr. ASQUITH displayed that curious forcible-feebleness of his which seems to impose on a generation not very conversant with force; Mr. BALFOUR was lively; and Mr. JOHN BURNS, in a very bad temper, made the utterly damning admission that, if Lord DUDLEY's Amendment were adopted, "contracting out would be universally extended." In other words, workmen *do* wish to contract out—the very proposition which Mr. BURNS, Mr. ASQUITH, and the rest of them have been shouting themselves hoarse with denying.

Neither House met on *Wednesday*, the Lords observing their usual recess on that day, while the Commons were bottling up to fight the battle of Armageddon over the Peers' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill.

*Lords.* Yet, as so often happens, the proceedings of *Thursday* itself were rather tame. The Lords sat formally only to receive the Commons' reasons in the matter of the Employers' Liability Bill.

*Commons.* In the Lower House Mr. ASQUITH (unluckily for him, before the account of the foreigner with the bottle which exploded in Greenwich Park had reached him) affected a magnificent contempt of WILLIAMS, and, admitting his language to be criminal, declined to prosecute him. Then the fight began. The Opposition had been to no small extent "sold" by their Liberal-Unionist allies, whose conduct, considering the great deference paid to the action of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE by the Lords, can only be described as singularly unhandsome, and in some of the minor amendments the Government obtained majorities of over a hundred. On the first point of real importance, however—Lord MORLEY's Allotment scheme—they were not able to muster more than forty-seven, or not much over their normal strength. But we fear that the incidents of the evening show two things—the insufficient sense of duty to the Unionist Alliance entertained by its Liberal wing, and the mistake of such compromises as that arranged at the end of the first battle in the Commons.

*Politics out of Parliament.* Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Mr. BRYCE, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL spoke yesterday week, principally in answer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. From which it would appear that, as nine tailors make a man, so three Cabinet Gladstonian Ministers and one Law Officer make the equivalent of one Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

Two eminent members of the Gladstonian party, Mr. BRYCE and Mr. BURNS, addressed sympathizing audiences on Saturday and Sunday last. Mr. BRYCE was, perhaps, a little flat and stale in declaring that the Gladstonians were the National party, and, as is noted elsewhere, got himself into trouble by bearing false witness against his neighbours on the other side of the Lobby. Between "National" and "Nationalist" the gap is considerable. Mr. BURNS, no doubt refreshed by that reminiscence of his younger self which Mr. WILLIAMS, D.S.O., gave last week, was as fresh as paint. He talked about "Queen GUELPH" ('tis pretty to see a stalwart British workman so valiantly insult a lady of seventy-five), described his opponents as "the publican, the betting-man, and 'the brothel-keeper,'" remarked that the English people of a hundred years ago were "brutal, apathetic, ignorant, enslaved, drunken helots," and so forth. Helots, by the way, is rather good and suggestive,

especially drunken helots; which, Mr. BURNS may possibly be unaware, usually means "awful examples" in general.

The extra-parliamentary news of Tuesday morning was chiefly busied with the doings of the National Liberal Federation at Portsmouth, round which Gladstonians were endeavouring to gather a galaxy of minor meetings against the Lords. At Portsmouth itself the doings of Monday consisted of a meeting of Liberal Agents, at which, we regret to see, "warm discussion" took place, and threats of a "split" were indulged in; and of a Welsh Disestablishment meeting of a very cut-and-dried kind. The only thing noteworthy was the assertion of Mr. ABRAHAM, M.P. that "the Church of England had never formed a majority in Wales." We have always heard Mr. ABRAHAM spoken of as a very honest man. That being so, he must also be a very ignorant one; and his ignorance has landed him in a statement as to the history of his country which is absolutely false. Welsh Nonconformity, as a prevailing feature of the Principality, does not date further back than the middle of the last century, if so far.

The proceedings of the National Liberal Federation on Tuesday again consisted of quarrels among the official members, and of addresses by second-rate politicians to the general. Mr. ACLAND was the Tragedy, and Mr. BIRRELL the Comedy, man, leaving considerable possibilities of improvement for the rest of the alphabet. In London a meeting was held at St. James's Hall, where the fury of London against the Lords was "voiced"—a word dear to Gladstonian newspapers—by such pure Englishmen and typical Londoners as Mr. NAOROJI and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Mr. BRYCE stood in a white sheet (rather sulkily and scantily donned) in answer to Lord DENBIGH's charge that he had said of the action of the Lords the thing that is not. Lord HERSCHELL, as Chairman of the Imperial Institute, wrote a formal apology to Sir CHARLES TUPPER, as representing the Canadian Government, for language used at the Institute by somebody who had lectured there. A curious instance of the fact that it is almost impossible for a Gladstonian to state facts correctly was provided by the appearance in the same papers of the assertion, by Mr. LOUGH, M.P., that the London reforms of the Parish Councils Bill had been passed "practically with the consent of all parties," and of the voting of a minority of 21 in the London County Council itself against the petition to retain these reforms.

A stronger and headier vintage than "ACLAND *sec*" or "BIRRELL *mousseux*" was provided for the Gladstonian faithful on Wednesday, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT coming down to Portsmouth to cheer them up—which he did in his very best style, banging away at the Bishops with a valiancy suggestive of JACK HOWE of famous memory, and delivering himself of many excellent witticisms, such as the description of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as "a superannuated Radical lamblicking 'the paws of the Tory Lion.'" 'Tis a pretty picture, but not, perhaps, prettier than its pendant—that of a superannuated Whig lamb (or foal) masquerading in a Radical lion's skin. And *did* Sir WILLIAM's hearers hoot "God save the Queen"? Sir WILFRID LAWSON did the lighter funny business on this occasion, and another speaker said that the Peers "carried on their business 'on the principles of JABEZ BALFOUR.'" Is it quite prudent of a Gladstonian speaker to associate the ideas of a peer and JABEZ BALFOUR? Meanwhile, at Peckham Rye, Miss A. A. BROWN, speaking against the House of Lords, cried "Down! For nothing is there 'in that House, I guess, but property and eke pig-headedness.'" Mr. MUNDELLA, speaking at the Chamber of Shipping dinner in London, gave his official word for it that the depression of trade had passed. Not



only Lord DENBIGH, but Lord DUNRAVEN, taking advantage of the awkwardness of Mr. BRYCE's apology, rubbed it into him lustily in letters to the *Times*.

**Ireland.** A good meeting was held by the Irish Unionist Alliance yesterday week in Dublin. But on the same day the jury would not agree in the case of SHERIDAN, the man found with explosives on him.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** Full details were published on this day week of the disaster to the French near Timbuctoo—details throwing a melancholy irony on the fling of a French paper but a few hours before at “the detestable *English* habit of never keeping a “proper look-out.” The Tuaregs, it appeared, had literally caught Colonel BONNIER napping, had ridden into his camp, and scattered the stacks of arms, and had then shot or stabbed some seventy men, together with eleven European officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. A few more details also came of the affair of Warina (or “Weeima”), from which it appeared that the French had repeating rifles. The Timbuctoo affair seemed likely to quicken rather than check French activity in the district. It was said that the KHEDIVE had at last made up his mind to accept the wisdom of Sir BARNES NEWCOME as to the only thing to do with broken glasses—i.e. to have them swept up quietly. The German “colonial men” had turned their criticism to Damaraland. Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS and the Sultan of MOROCCO had been haggling over the indemnity, which had first been put by rumour at an extraordinarily low sum, and then at a preposterously high one.

A very good Egyptian Budget was announced on Monday with a surplus of all but a quarter of a million. There had been talk, on the whole sensible and dignified, in the French Chamber over the Timbuctoo incident. The commercial treaty between Russia and Germany, based on the most favoured nation principle, was signed this day week. The usual tangle of Brazilian news seemed to be, on the whole, rather in favour of the insurgents.

It appeared on Tuesday that another bomb had been thrown (in a café at the Terminus Hotel, opposite the Gare Saint-Lazare) in Paris, injuring several persons. The thrower had been caught; but it was uncertain whether his object was political or a private grudge. A comedy—*Les Cabotins*—by M. PAILLERON had been produced with more success than anything of the author's since *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. The Indian Currency Association had formally protested against recent financial policy; the KHEDIVE had received the Sirdar in a formal audience. Mr. RHODES had maintained his majority at the Cape, but only by the aid of the Afrikaner Bond. The Greek Chamber had at last met. The fighting at Rio was said, after all, to have turned against the insurgents, but not decidedly. Russia was vigorously “encouraging the others” on land and sea by hanging a colonel for betraying military secrets, and reprimanding an admiral and disqualifying a captain for any future command in the matter of the lost ship *Roosalka*.

There seemed little doubt on Wednesday morning that the Paris bomb-thrower was an Anarchist; but the rest of the Continental news had chiefly concerned the ravages of the storm, which, both in Europe and America, had been very severe. The KHEDIVE, persevering in the path of virtue, had received his other new-made British knight-adviser, Sir JOHN SCOTT, and had said pretty things to him. “And how much better “this is,” as the nurses say, “than being a naughty “boy, and having to stand in the corner!”

By Thursday morning the Anarchist HENRY had admitted his real name and his objects. An official French account of the second, or minor, Sierra Leone collision attributed it to the fault of the English; but, inde-

pendently of the fact of one-sidedness, there were particulars which justified further suspension of judgment. In the question “To pay or not to pay?” Greece was said to be still inclined to the negative. There were also stories, rather than certain information, of serious plots (with arrests) at Warsaw, and of a snub administered to the KHEDIVE by the Porte, which had pointed out to ABBAS Pasha that he had no business to communicate with the Powers on “frontier “incidents” or anything else except through his suzerain, who would act as he thought proper in the matter. The last Paris outrage was also said to have originated in London, and it was asserted that the Paris police, no doubt to the genuine amusement of Mr. ASQUITH, had furnished their London brethren with particulars of divers dangerous Anarchists sojourning here.

The appointment of ZOHRAB Pasha as Egyptian Under-Secretary for War; some details of the Paris explosion, which acquired additional interest in view of the above-mentioned explosion in Greenwich Park; and the reception at the Academy of M. BRUNETIÈRE, the first of French critics, who are critics, and not agreeable prattlers about literature, formed the chief of yesterday's news.

**The Law Courts.** This day week Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS adjudged divers of the Anglo-Austrian directors liable for considerable sums wrongly paid by them in that capacity.

An interesting heriot case was decided by Mr. Justice CHARLES on Monday in favour of the lord of the manor, whose exercise of his right to “best beasts” in this manner had enabled him to seize two very valuable horses.

The great Cordite case (some incidents in connexion with which have been anything but creditable to the newer kind of English journalism) ended on Wednesday by judgment in favour of the defendant—practically the War Office.

**Labour.** Mr. WILLIAMS, D.S.O., encouraged by Mr. ASQUITH's apparent approval of his “day “wi’ BURNS” last week, ventured a bolder flight and a different quotation last Monday. He then organized a little pilgrimage or personally conducted tour to the West End squares, and more particularly that of Grosvenor, suggesting that the French Revolution example of hanging FOULON with grass in mouth should be followed in the case of the Duke of WESTMINSTER. *Et M. Asquith* (no doubt) *de rive encore*.

**Correspondence.** We have noted in different places above some interesting letters of the week. But Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's communication to the *Daily Chronicle* of Thursday, about Admiral MAXSE, deserves a place to itself. It is well known that the Admiral is a thorn in the sides of some of his *ci-devant* friends who have not, like himself, learnt wisdom with age; and he has recently spoken some home-truths about Mr. JOHN BURNS. So ups me Mr. HARRISON, and calls his friend “GRACCHUS,” “CATILINE,” “this “turncoat sailor,” “Mad FRED,” a “red-hot Republican,” a “hot-headed seaman,” a “boatswain ashore,” and “an ignorant railer.” Mr. HARRISON, going one better than DOGBERRY, has had three gowns—an Academic, a Positive-Apostolic, and an Aldermanic. And certainly he has as pretty a tongue as any fellow in Messina.—Mention, but very different mention, must also be made of Judge THOMAS HUGHES's letter to the *Times* of Thursday, in reference to the Employers' Liability Bill. No man in England has been a steadier or more unaffected friend to the working classes than the author of *Tom Brown*, and it is only to be hoped they will listen to him rather than to interested agitators and wirepullers.

## Sport.

Some interesting French and English Tennis was seen at the end of last week and the beginning of this, the two most famous French professionals, LE SUEUR and FERDINAND, coming over to play SAUNDERS and LATHAM, who beat them by three sets to one.—The single match on Monday between SAUNDERS and LE SUEUR went equally in favour of the Englishman, though his antagonist was receiving allowance.—On Wednesday Mr. CRAWLEY was less successful with the other French professional, FERDINAND, who beat the English amateur by three sets to two.

**Miscellaneous.** Mr. H. J. HOOD of the Chancery Bar has been appointed Registrar in Bankruptcy by the LORD CHANCELLOR. We look to the source quoted last week to tell us how many Gladstonian barristers were "prepared to accept" this appointment.

A heavy gale blew at the end of last week and the beginning of this. It may have been partly thanks to this gale, but was immediately due to the now familiar breaking down of the steam steering gear, that H.M.S. *Edinburgh* at Sheerness ran into and sank a large anchored merchant ship.

The details of the damage done by the gale began to come in on Tuesday morning. They were of the usual character, even more widespread than usual, perhaps, but with no single incident of very great note. The chief was the damage done to the tower and spire of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury; but whether this was the very tower which contained Shrewsbury clock we are not at the moment certain.

## Obituary.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP, Academician and miscellaneous writer, was a man of letters of considerable distinction, to whom it was not very easy to assign a definite position. Perhaps the combined facts that he was a man of means who could please himself in what he wrote, and that he had a great number of tastes, none of which specially predominated, may account for his having done nothing absolutely of the first class. Yet he had done a great deal, and seen more, and his *Memoirs*, as far as they are yet published, are among the best and most trustworthy records of Parisian men of letters in the latter half of this century, though they brought rather foolish wrath upon him, especially from irrational admirers of FLAUBERT. We noticed his latest book (a volume of wise and kindly criticism of contemporary tendencies and ways, tinged with a pleasant humour, and not marred by too great indulgence in laudation of times past) but a few months ago in our weekly review of French literature.—Sir HARRY VERNEY, who died at the age of ninety-three, was a very popular man and squire, a remarkable example of long-preserved health and vigour, and an embodiment of some interesting historical memories. For Sir HARRY (whose paternal name was CALVERT) had entered the army seventy-five years ago, had sat in the first Reformed Parliament sixty-two years ago, had been a member of the House of Commons, with few intervals, for more than half a century, and was the only surviving founder of the Royal Agricultural Society.—Mr. W. A. BLOUNT, who was six years younger than Sir HARRY, was Clarencieux King of Arms, and the oldest member of the Heralds' College.—The British army has lost during the week Generals CURETON, FREMANTLE, and SAUNDERS ABBOTT, the first and second of whom were veterans of the Crimean, and the first and third of the Sikh, wars.—The musical world of the Continent is the poorer by two "illustrations," one of such as make instruments of music, one of such as play on them. M. SAX belonged to a family of the caste of JUBAL, and the "Sax-born" was only one of the shawms he and his had devised.

Herr VON BÜLOW, though eccentric and personally unfortunate in some ways, was undoubtedly a person of genius, not merely in the rendering of musical compositions.

## ANARCHY AGAIN.

THERE is no criticism of an unfavourable kind to be made on the behaviour of the French under the provocation of the Anarchist outrage, except one. It is not much to the credit of the newspapers that some of them have expressed surprise at the speedy appearance of an imitator and avenger of VAILLANT. Experience ought to have shown them that something of the kind was to be expected. If the extreme probability, or even the certainty, of punishment always acted as a complete deterrent, the suppression of crime would be an easier task than the law of most countries finds it. But we know that a certain number of murders are committed every year by persons who announce their readiness to swing for him or her, and prove as good as their word. It is very right that they should be duly hanged, for two reasons. They are malignant brutes, who do not deserve to live; and then their fate is a warning to others who would be prepared to affect the same desperate resolution if they could feel any assurance that the affliction would save their necks. When a fanaticism of a criminal kind is raging, it very commonly happens that a considerable handful of excitable creatures are worked up by vanity and evil passions to the pitch at which they are prepared to run a great risk or even face the certainty of death. With them also there is nothing for it but to refuse to accept their fanaticism as an excuse. The number of such desperadoes is never very great, and the task of despatching them is of manageable proportions. If they were allowed to escape death merely because they have shown the resolution to defy it, they would rapidly find a swarm of imitators well disposed to be heroic at a cheap rate.

The man who was arrested for the explosion in the Terminus Hotel Café at Paris clearly belongs to the class of boastful criminals who either are fanatics or who assume a violent fanaticism. It is quite unnecessary to add what we think ought to be done with him; and, indeed, there is manifestly no doubt on the point in France. Apart from the momentary and pardonable panic among the customers actually present in the café, there has been no sign of weakness. Familiarity with crimes of this kind has taught the Parisians the proper way of dealing with them—which is to refuse to be terrorized, and to spare no effort to seize the perpetrator on the spot. It is a very wholesome sign that HENRY was pursued immediately, and that several volunteers gave the police active help in laying hands on him. The certainty that no general panic will be produced, and that active measures of retaliation will be taken at once, must have a damping effect on the zeal of any possible imitators of this last martyr of Anarchism. His crime will mainly serve to make Frenchmen realize more vividly than ever the necessity for taking vigorous measures to stamp the whole murderous gang out. The proposal to establish a special military tribunal, which would try and execute Anarchists who throw bombs by summary court-martial, has a certain plausibility. The desire to pose and swagger in court is, no doubt, a strong motive with such men as HENRY and VAILLANT. If they could be shot out of hand, the opportunity afforded them for the display they love would be materially diminished. But it would be a confession of weakness to give up the ordinary tribunal as long as jurymen do their duty. The French will find the Assize Court sufficient if all juries behave as well as that which condemned



VAILLANT, and whatever more is needed should take the form of severe repression of incitements to crime.

In this work the French have still much to do, and they have a fair claim to our help. Sympathizers with VAILLANT have been allowed to make demonstrations on his grave, and it appears to be proved that one of those who took part in these meetings was the author of this last outrage. The connexion between the incitement and the crime is proved in this case with exceptional fulness and rapidity. Then, too, there is reason to believe that HENRY had come over from London only a few days before. The French will have good reason to complain if London is allowed to become a safe refuge from which criminals can plot and prepare for outrages in Paris. They are unquestionably justified in complaining that these crimes are openly applauded in public meetings here. We have every reason to hope that they will expostulate. Ministers will hardly be able to treat a protest from the French Government with the indifference they display to the complaints of Englishmen who are menaced and molested by our own Anarchists. From Lord VERNON'S answer to Lord ROOKWOOD, they still appear to believe that there is no harm in allowing a malignant agitator to tell a mob that it would be well to hang the Duke of WESTMINSTER with grass in his mouth. They still think that they do their duty in keeping order in the streets when they allow these same mobs to collect, and howl menaces.

The tone of Mr. ASQUITH'S answer to Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, on Thursday, was identical with Lord VERNON'S. He pooh-poohed WILLIAMS, his language, and the fears of persons who think this agitation formidable. He even excused the grass-in-the-mouth speech, on the ground that it was a mere general attack on the House of Lords, and had no particular application to any individual peer. We can quite understand that Mr. ASQUITH is disposed to be tender to attacks on the House of Lords; but, unfortunately, there is evidence to show that the Duke of WESTMINSTER was mentioned by name. Curiously enough, Mr. ASQUITH'S minimizing answer was given on the very afternoon in which the explosion took place in Greenwich Park. For obvious reasons we express no definite opinion on that incident. The man may have been lawfully employed, he may have been about to blow up the Observatory, he may have been running from the police. The truth will, perhaps, be known in time. Meanwhile we are informed that the police have been aware for some time that there was a manufactory of dynamite for criminal purposes near Tottenham Court Road, and have been watching it with interest. It does not appear that they were allowed to do anything, and we gather that it is not our protectors we have to thank if no outrage has been committed.

#### THE BRAY AT THE LORDS.

GLADSTONIAN newspapers, with a stale rant which it would be unfair to the Theatre Royal, Little Peddlington, to call theatrical, have been engaged this week in describing the crowds who are "meeting with 'set, stern faces,' and 'in red-hot indignation,' to cry 'Down with the House of Lords!'" It would be idle, no doubt, to take this sort of thing too seriously, whether it comes in the heavy-father style from Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ACLAND, or in the fashion of the villain with the yellow boots from Mr. BURNS and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But we think it decidedly desirable—in view of the asserted determination of the Government to pursue their policy of flinging more botches of Bills to the Lords to amend, and then howling at them for doing the amendment—that Unionist members and Unionist meetings should not be absent or silent on the

other hand. The most besetting sin of our side is always to take things too easily, and to neglect the probable effect of very impudent lies told in a very loud voice and with unwearied repetition to a not too critical audience.

If anybody undertakes the good work of getting up such meetings, he will not find much difficulty in selecting the right nails to hammer in in order to drive the Gladstonian nails out. He will probably not find it necessary to dwell much on the hereditary argument; but, if he does, he will be able to show that there is, to say the least, nothing one whit more absurd in a man legislating because he is the son of his father than in his legislating because, on a particular occasion, a bare majority of persons, who may since have changed their mind, said he should, while a number, necessarily less only by one, said he should not. English audiences are not much moved by this kind of talk either way. But they can be moved by the very simple reminder that neither Lords nor Commons, neither the diabolical "hereditaries" nor the god-given "electeds," have any right to legislate save the right given them by the British Constitution; that these rights are equal; and that, while the Lords are remaining strictly within theirs, the Commons are as distinctly straining them. No such right as spokesmen of the Government have recently claimed—the right of insisting on the acceptance at once, whole, unaltered, and unamended, of measures as they leave the Commons—has ever been dreamt of in England before. And if such a right were once recognized, the only possible result would be that, instead of the general fixity and steadiness which has characterized our political progress, the House of Commons would read the Statute-book backwards in every Parliament. The unhampered innovations of an 1868 or an 1880 would alternate with unhampered reaction in the inevitable 1874 and 1885-6, and the worst curses of Continental instability would come upon England, every party and every politician making hay while the sun shines. It is the House of Lords, as embodying the practical and moderate temper of the nation, which has saved us from this fatal sagging and see-sawing hitherto: and no substitute for it has ever been devised.

But though there are thus abundant topics for the Unionist speaker who perceives any appetite in his audience for a discourse on the general merits, he would probably, as a rule, be better advised to keep to particulars. And of these he has an even more abundant and triumphant supply. The results of the preposterous strain put by Mr. GLADSTONE on the Legislature during the last fourteen months have been four Bills, of which one has been thrown headlong out, while the others have been thoroughly reconstructed by the Lords. One of these Bills, the Scotch Fisheries Bill, was admittedly sent up in such a condition that half the people of Scotland were up in arms against it. The Lords were the direct cause of these complaints being attended to, and the vast majority of their alterations have been accepted—without thanks—by the Government. No one of the other three would have had the faintest chance of passing but for the support of the Irish Nationalists, who were as much bribed by the first or Home Rule Bill to give that support as if Mr. GLADSTONE, in the fearless Walpolean fashion, had issued actual five hundred pound notes. It is further notorious that even with this help the Home Rule Bill itself would never have been carried if certain Gladstonians had not been dispensed from voting against it by the knowledge that it would be thrown out above. Of the remaining two, one, the Employers' Liability Bill, is mainly, and the other, the Parish Councils Bill, is purely, an English measure. Both have been forced through, in the teeth of an English majority against them, by the

help of the Irish *condottieri*. The action of the Lords in the one case has been at the direct instance of Associations representing the best workmen of the country, has been admitted by Mr. JOHN BURNS to be such that it would be "universally" taken advantage of, and has been disagreed with in the Commons by a paltry majority of two. Their action in the other has received just beforehand the practical approval of one of the most purely agricultural constituencies in England, and endorses, as we have said, the opinion of an English majority in the Lower House and in the country.

And these are the measures in respect of which the Lords, exerting their unquestioned technical right, following the feeling of the country, and backed by nearly a full half of the House of Commons, even including the Irish members, are brayed at as if they were restoring the Heptarchy, and introducing the *droit du seigneur*!

#### GOLF, OLD AND YOUNG.

THERE used to be a standing topic of discussion between cricketers, old and young, as to whether we are really, like DIOMEDE, "much better than our fathers." The old brought up the names of AYLWARD, HARRIS, CLARKE, Lord FREDERICK, the prehistoric WALKERS, FULLER PILCH, and so on. The young answered with the great names of GRACE, SHREWSBURY, A. G. STEEL. The old then urged that cricket was more difficult on ruder wickets—which was an argument not devoid of weight. The young pointed to the number of wides bowled by the heroes of the past, and inferred the existence of a corresponding number of loose balls. This argument also will not do; the ancients did bowl less accurately than the moderns. In brief, the old players met bowling less scientifically accurate than ours; but they met it on wickets where balls shot more frequently and bumped more dangerously. Thus one thing cancels another, and the best reason for supposing that cricket has improved is based on the far greater multitude of modern players, on better wickets, in stricter conditions, with inherited aptitudes, as in the LYTTETONS and BLIGHS.

A similar discussion has arisen among golfers, and has been brought to a head by Mr. FREDERICK TAIT's habit of doing a St. Andrews round under 80, a habit culminating in his unexampled score of 72. This was not made on a medal green; but if the course was some deal shorter, the putting-greens were also more difficult. One is a mere sandy expanse with a few leprous hairs of bent grass. The conditions were, therefore, really equivalent at least in difficulty to a medal round. The young, consequently, applaud themselves to the chagrin of the old. If we examine ancient records, we find that the medal was frequently won by a score over 110. Probably only one record of an amateur was under a hundred in the last century. Winning scores over a hundred have been quite common in "the present or Christian era" since 1830. In 1854 ALLEN ROBERTSON, the flower of professional players, did a round in 79. In 1858 Mr. GLENNIE'S round was little over 80. Now the seniors argue that the round, before 1865 or so, was infinitely more difficult than at present. Perhaps their contention is exaggerated. In mortal memory, we think, the Burn, the classic Swilcan burn, was always very much what it now is. If the old stone bridge be really a Roman bridge, or even a monastic monument of 1150 A.D. or so, the burn can never have been navigable (as seniors assert), and consequently cannot have required a full drive from bank to bank. That "corcodills" inhabited it (as MAUNDEVILLE alleges in a recently recovered fragment, edited by the learned

EVERARDUS), and that these amphibians increased the hazards of the course, is, we conceive, a mythological statement. There is no trace of the "corcodill" in Scotland—at least, in the historical period. Again, the railway most assuredly did not exist long before 1830 (say), and thus a very dangerous hazard was actually absent in the good old times. To judge by the discourse of the aged, golf (about 1860) consisted in making pitches, with spoons, at rare patches of grass oases in Saharas of whin and heather. Three short-spoon shots to each hole were the rule, say the old, where now a raking swiper drives the hole in one. Now this is a myth, an illusion of memory, based on the fact that ALLEN ROBERTSON occasionally played the heathery hole in this Fabian manner. Not only does human memory run contrary to the fond fable about rare and minute oases of turf in "a world of heather," but history contradicts the theory. The links had undeniably been played on for four centuries between 1460 and 1860. It is not possible that such constant secular wear should leave so much whin and heather, if the wear of thirty years has (*ex hypothesi*) rubbed such leagues of whin and heather clean away. Again, if ALLEN could do a round of 79 in 1854, the links cannot possibly have been so difficult, unless ALLEN was a child of Miracle, which nobody seriously alleges. He was a mortal man—and not a very long driver. Now there are at present drivers of unexampled power, and among amateurs Mr. TAIT combines with vigour the most accurate approaching and inspired putting. True, moderns do not play in tall hats, like their grandfathers. They play on a wider course, but also on a course cut up by the irons of all Glasgow and Dundee. The myths about the sea encroaching on the High Hole, about "corcodills" and navigable hazards, may be discounted; and we find a higher average of first-class play because the players are drawn from an infinitely more numerous public, not merely from Fife country gentlemen, advocates, and professors, as in old times.

#### GLADSTONIANS AND HEREDITY.

MAY we make a suggestion to the Radical declaimers against the hereditary principle which may possibly be of some use to them in their crusade against the House of Lords? It is that each orator should be attended on the platform by a Gladstonian peer or heir-apparent carefully selected for the purpose. One instance, it is sometimes said, is worth a thousand arguments. In the earlier days of the temperance agitation, lecturers—so at least report ran—used to be attended by "frightful examples" who were kept in a state of chronic inebriety, and were exhibited to the audience in illustration of the degrading effects of the consumption of malt liquors or other intoxicating fluids. Sometimes when economy was necessary, the lecturer doubled the parts, and was himself both the argument and the illustration. An instance of this kind is recorded, if we recollect rightly, in the transactions of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. Whether, however, this precedent really exists is of little consequence. Radicals don't care for precedents. They prefer to make them rather than to follow them. At a luncheon given at Portsmouth on Monday to the Society of Certificated Liberal Agents, at the expense, but in the absence, of Mr. MARJORIBANKS—the chief, we suppose, of the Certificated Liberal Agents—Dr. SPENCE-WATSON delivered himself of a denunciation of the hereditary Chamber. By-the-bye, is Dr. SPENCE-WATSON himself an illustration of the doctrine of heredity? The two elements which make up his compound name have an historic association earlier than



that which combines them in his person. In the opening years of the present century there flourished, more or less, and rather less than more, a certain Mr. SPENCE, who founded the Society of Spencean Philanthropists, and who, like General TROCHU and the elder Mr. WELLER, had a Plan. It included what is now called the Nationalization of the Land and the abolition of machinery; and the public mind was to be converted to the expediency of it by means as similar to those which commend themselves to Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P., and to Mr. Organizer WILLIAMS, S.D.F., as the less advanced scientific knowledge of the time allowed. Two of the principal agents in the carrying out of the Spencean Philanthropy were persons, father and son, of the name of WATSON, the younger of them, we believe, a member of Dr. SPENCE-WATSON'S profession, who managed to get out of the hands of the police after accidentally failing to commit murder, while the elder was fortunate enough to be acquitted of high treason.

Dr. SPENCE-WATSON'S name may, of course, be nothing more than a happy accident, illustrating Mr. SHANDY'S doctrine. It certainly lends plausibility, so far as it goes, to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S rather hasty generalization as to the intellectual characteristics of the bearers of hyphenized surnames. If the blood of the philanthropic SPENCE and the homicidal WATSON does not flow in a blended current in his veins, a good deal of their nonsense, diluted into harmlessness, seems to have got into his head. He announced that it is too late to talk of mending, and time to set about ending, the House of Lords, but there is no reason to think that he intends to improve on the proceedings of GUY FAWKES, and send its members into another Upper Chamber by dynamite; nor to apply to the Peers one by one the treatment by which Mr. WILLIAMS, S.D.F., proposes to make an example of the Duke of WESTMINSTER. Though, in his view, "the day for forgiving their iniquities, even if they were repentant, is past," he will probably be content with their political extinction. But how much more impressive his argument would have been if Lord RIPON had been suddenly produced and required to address the meeting. Lord RIPON is, we believe, sprung from the Sir THOMAS ROBINSON whom GEORGE II. sent to the House of Commons to be leader over the elder PITT and FOX, and who, after an experience compared with which that of his penultimate descendant in the Lords was a brilliant success, hid his mortified head in a Household appointment. Heredity, we admit, has two sides, one of which Lord RIPON illustrates as convincingly as Lord SALISBURY or the Duke of ARGYLL does the other. Lord COMPTON, on the same day, took up at Bournemouth the same tale as Dr. SPENCE-WATSON. If he had added to his denunciation of the hereditary and non-representative Chamber, and to his exhortation to the people to sweep it away, the announcement, "Why, I myself shall one day be a peer," that might have been felt to be decisive. The *argumentum ab homine* is strong. But it must be remembered that Lord COMPTON will some day sit in the House of Lords because he can't be kept out of it, while he is a member of the House of Commons because people have been found foolish enough to send him there, who need not have done so if they did not like. In truth, he is in the Lower Chamber, as he will one day be in the Upper, purely in virtue of the hereditary principle. Does he, or does Lord RIPON, think that either of them would have been able to make even a beginning in political life if they had not been the sons of peers? We make a present of them to Dr. SPENCE-WATSON. But to argue from Lord RIPON and Lord COMPTON against the hereditary principle is as unreasonable as it would be to argue from Mr. CONYBEARE to the disfranchisement of Camborne.

#### BY A MAJORITY OF TWO.

AT the close of last Monday night's proceedings in the House of Commons Sir JAMES FERGUSSON took upon himself to make what the Government must have considered a highly officious observation. He wished, he said, to "draw attention to the fact that, while that House had disagreed with six of the Lords' amendments, they had agreed to forty of them." In his opinion "the Government ought to be very much obliged to the House of Lords for so amending the Bill before them as to prevent it from being passed in hot haste, and to have afforded the Government an opportunity of reconsidering the measure in a way that almost amounted to re-writing it." No Minister making any reply to this uncalled-for remark, the House adjourned; and several members of the Cabinet, before retiring to rest, committed to memory, for future delivery from the platform, a few choice phrases denunciatory of that assembly which finds its chief delight in "marring" and "emasculating" the measures sent up to it from the House of Commons. The marred and emasculated Sea Fisheries Regulations (Scotland) Bill is now as good as passed; and, though it is still infected with those vices of Ministerial legislation on which Mr. BALFOUR laid a finger in his speech of last Monday night, even the Government themselves, when not engaged in preparing their speeches for the stump, would probably admit that the injurious processes to which it has been subjected "in another place" have had the miraculous effect of immensely improving it.

With the Employers' Liability Bill, however, the case is somewhat different. There we can hardly expect Ministers to acknowledge that the House of Lords has bettered their handiwork. Whatever they may think on that point—and we are by no means sure that they all think the same—they are obviously not in a position to make any such acknowledgment. Their HOME SECRETARY and their CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, to name no others, have closed that course to them impassably; and Mr. ASQUITH'S "tip" to his followers last Tuesday night was distinct enough. Whatever may happen to the Bill, the Government are inflexibly determined not to accept the principle insisted on by the House of Lords. They are resolved, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN so effectively put it, that even at the cost of depriving ninety-nine per cent. of the working classes of the benefits which the Bill is designed to confer upon them, the other one per cent. must and shall be deprived of the benefits which they already enjoy, and which, as they have repeatedly and earnestly protested, they prefer to those offered them by the Bill. At the same time Ministers were not indifferent to the fact, admitted with such engaging *naïveté* by the *Daily News*, that those members of their party who "have servants of the London and North-Western Railway among their constituents are placed in a delicate situation," and they were not unwilling to help them out of it if that were possible by temporarily suspending the operation of the principle which they regard as sacred. In other words, they are prepared to commit one or other of two legislative offences to oblige a particular section of their supporters. If it be, as they themselves contend, a paramount obligation of public policy to prohibit contracting out, they will consent to allow public policy to go to the wall—for the next three years. If, on the other hand, it be grossly unjust, as the Lords contend, to deny workmen the right of contracting out of the Bill, they profess their readiness to commit this act of injustice—at the end of three years. It was a most statesmanlike compromise, and eminently worthy of the paragons of political genius and virtue by whom we have the good fortune to be governed. The

trouble was that they could only get 215 of their followers to see it in that light. Mr. M'LAREN, and those who agree with him in holding that the workmen should be confirmed in their right of contracting out of the Bill, could by no means be brought to perceive why they should surrender this principle in order to take part in a "friendly lead" for Mr. COBB. Those Ministerialists, on the other hand, who were in favour of bringing all workmen compulsorily under the Statute Law were equally unable to see their way to abandoning these convictions on the same amiable ground. The consequence was that when the COBB Relief amendment was brought to the test of a division, it appeared that as many as 213 members were opposed to its adoption; whereby it came about that Ministers carried their point by the triumphant majority of 2. Comment upon such a fiasco, alike ridiculous and disgraceful, is needless. Whether it inflicts the greater discredit on their political morality or their Parliamentary tactics, it would be hard to determine. Governments have often before this contrived, by a timely abandonment of an untenable position, to interpose a substantial majority between themselves and defeat. Other Governments have precipitated that disaster by resolutely standing to their guns. It has been reserved for the present Cabinet to incur the disgrace of flight without securing the advantages of escape, and to undergo the discomfort of being knocked down without earning credit for having courageously stood up. They might at least have saved either their Bill or their reputation. As it is, they have lost both.

#### THE CORDITE CASE.

HAS a scientific gentleman who, in the course of making one discovery gets on a track which would naturally lead to another and decides not to follow it, a right to complain if somebody else does? Again, if the second scientific gentleman, following up the track indicated, but not effectually pursued by the first, comes upon a valuable and lucrative invention, is that first scientific gentleman entitled to cry halves? These, stated in current English, are the questions which have lately occupied the attention of Mr. Justice ROMER for twelve days. He has answered them in the negative, and there will be little or no disposition to deny that in this case also the voice of the law has been speaking the perfection of common sense.

If we did not know how ready, not only scientific men, but many others, are to jump to the conclusion that, when they have worked in a particular field it becomes their property, and that all other workers therein are mere poachers—if we did not also remember that a right to levy a royalty on all Cordite manufactured for the English Government would be a highly lucrative privilege—we might wonder the action was brought at all. Mr. NOBEL invented a jelly called "Ballistite," very useful for blasting purposes, by putting certain things together in certain proportions. About that time the English Government was in search of a high explosive for use in its big guns. Ballistite would not serve the turn, nor would anything else which the English Government could find. A Committee was, therefore, appointed to find a high explosive; and, after a time, it invented Cordite. The members did as all inventors must. They made use of what was already known by the labours of other men. There is no other process by which inventions can be made, or ever have been, since nobody, within historic times, has been an actual beginner. Among the other inventors whose labours afforded useful indications to the Committee was Mr. NOBEL. He even helped them in a greater degree than others, since it was what he did in the course of inventing

Ballistite which gave them the idea of how to make Cordite. The Committee naturally consulted Mr. NOBEL, and they allowed that he was useful to them. It even appeared that if he had made a somewhat different use of his materials when he was inventing Ballistite, he would himself have invented Cordite. As a matter of fact, however, it was Dr. DEWAR and Sir F. ABEL who did elaborate that high explosive. In these circumstances there would appear to be no more reason why Mr. NOBEL should cry halves than why the late Mr. DARWIN should claim to levy a royalty on all books of science inspired by the *Origin of Species*. The Government was disposed to recognize Mr. NOBEL's help in a substantial form, but it was not prepared to pay him great royalties on the invention of other men. And this is what he and his friends in the press and in Parliament have asked for. It is highly satisfactory that they have not had their wish.

The loud clamour raised over the so-called Cordite scandal has been made to look exceedingly foolish by this end of the case. To many observers it did not look very wise at any time. It was too manifestly an inventor's quarrel for one thing, and then certain names appeared in it early, which reminded us too vividly of a certain famous attack on the probity of the War Office, which broke down so lamentably when it was tested by Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S Committee. We have no confidence that this second collapse will save us from a recurrence of the same foolishness in future. Too many persons are interested in getting up agitations to allow us to hope that what has been done before will not be done again. Besides, accusations of dishonesty, and of "picking of brains" and so forth, are so easily brought, and when they are directed against Government officials they will always find dupes who think them magnanimous and public-spirited. The distinction in these cases is very simple. To revert to the illustration we have taken already, Mr. DARWIN would have been perfectly entitled to proceed against any man who plagiarized great lumps of the *Origin of Species*, and published it as his own work. He would not have been entitled to ask for an injunction against every man of science who accepted and applied the "struggle for life" and the survival of the fittest. It is, of course, impossible to conceive of Mr. DARWIN, the most modest and kindest of men, doing anything so silly and blooded. But, then, all scientific men and all newspapers are not like Mr. DARWIN.

#### THE PORTSMOUTH POT-VALIANTS.

TO say that the Government have managed their party business, within Parliament and without, after such a fashion as would inevitably have ensured the contumelious expulsion from office of any Board of directors who imitated it in their Company's affairs, would, of course, be no more than the truth. It might, nevertheless, be unjust to hold them as inexcusable as the class of offenders to whom we have compared them. A Board of directors has, at any rate, a free hand; it generally gets some sort of guidance from its chairman; and it has subordinates who obey its orders. But, what with restive Radicals inside the House of Commons, and blundering agitators outside; what with the slack and inefficient discipline of their aged chief; and what with their own ill-repressed desire to pull opposite ways, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have many difficulties to contend with which find no parallel in the management of commercial undertakings. Hence we ought not, perhaps, to pass too harsh a criticism on their performance of Tuesday last. Their tactics, on which we comment elsewhere, must, it is true, be pronounced deplorable; but



for the full consequences to which they led we cannot, doubtless, hold either the Government or their Whips entirely to blame. The plaintive question put by the Gladstonian organ the following morning, "But where were the Irish?" is one to which, maybe, the unsatisfactory answer could not possibly have been foreseen. Even now, so far as we can make out, the cause of their absence is unknown, and one can only speculate as to whether it was purely accidental or designed as a timely turn of the Irish Nationalist screw.

Still, if we should moderate our criticisms, we can hardly be expected to repress our amusement. The combination of events on Tuesday last would have been ludicrous anyhow; but the unlucky Government went out of its way to add absurdity to absurdity. For, if there were one figure in England more ridiculous on Wednesday morning than those of the National Liberal Federation at Portsmouth, it was that of the earnest and thoughtful Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. To be defying the House of Lords like Dr. SPENCE-WATSON and the others, at the very moment when the Government were running away from them in the House of Commons, is to look foolish enough; but how much more foolish to be engaged in trumpeting out defiance of the enemy in one corner of the field, while your presence is urgently required in another part of it, to assist your comrades to avert an ignominious defeat! Yet this, and nothing less humiliating, was poor Mr. ACLAND'S position last Tuesday night. It is a delightful thought that, if Mr. JASPER MORE had not been accidentally shut out of the Noes Lobby, and if Dr. CLARK'S Radical sensibilities had not been shocked at the sight of Conservative tellers, the Government would have actually lost the division for want of the vote of a colleague whom they had sent or allowed to go down to Portsmouth to spout nonsense before a crowd of provincial agitators. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who came down to Portsmouth the next day, was in a better position. His revered leader—perhaps with a prophetic foresight of difficulties ahead—had arranged to adjourn the House over Wednesday, so the jester of the Cabinet could grimace and tumble in comparative ease of mind, and free from the fear that he might at any moment receive a reproachful telegram from Westminster informing him that the loss of his vote had been fatal to the Government on a critical division. Indeed, to do him justice he was not only easy in his mind, but was able to assume that air of boisterous high spirits which would be more effective if chastened by that artistic sense, wherein Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, we fear, will always be deficient. It is singular that this comedian cannot be brought to see that to "pile up the hilarity" in equal measure with the decline in the Ministerial fortunes is a fault in art. If Sir WILLIAM, circumstances being what they are, were really in the joyous mood which he simulates, we should be forced to the sombre conclusion that he is what in the Highland superstition is called "fey"—a subject of that mysterious exaltation of spirits which foreshadows imminent political death. But since his gaiety is much more likely to be deemed fictitious than real, he should beware of letting it be turned to the purpose of a sort of inverted barometer, in the rise of which the public are enabled to find evidence that Ministers are in reality down on their luck.

Allowance made for this error, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S performance at Portsmouth was all that could be expected. He went through the BOBADIL business with as much spirit as we ever remember to have seen him show, brandishing his "fox," and, figuratively speaking, twisting his moustache, and stamping and posturing and shouting "Bounce!" and "Ra-tah!" in a manner that must have delighted the Portsmouth

SHALLOWS. What the critical observer, however, most admires about Sir WILLIAM'S performance is a point in it which probably escaped his simple-minded admirers among the Federation altogether. The real dexterity of his speech was shown not in what it did, but in what it did not, contain. His references to the "great struggle which was at hand" were arranged with much chronological cunning. The struggle, it would appear, is only "at hand"; it is a mistake to suppose that it has begun already. If anybody imagines that the Government have already had one round with the House of Lords, and have come out of it in a condition highly disappointing to their backers, why he must have dreamt it; that is all that can be said. In all the long and windy tirade against that Assembly into which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT must certainly hope to carry at some future day an infusion of new and royal blood, there is scarcely one, if indeed there be any, word of reference to the Employers' Liability Bill. The orator once sailed so dangerously near as to quote Lord SALISBURY'S description of the Trades Unions, and the fact that he then managed to slip away without so much as a mention of the words "contracting out" speaks volumes. We did not expect him, of course, to enlarge on the serious reduction of the Ministerial majority the other night; but there can be only one reason for his complete avoidance of the particular dispute in connexion with which that mishap occurred. What it obviously means is that, whether the Employers' Liability Bill is lost or not, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT feels that the less he says about it the better. The state of feeling among his own party has, in fact, led him to the unwelcome conclusion that, if the working classes are to lose the benefit of that measure, it is the House of Commons, and not the House of Lords, who will have to bear the brunt of their resentment.

That, of course, is why he stuck so religiously to the question of the Parish Councils Bill, and also doubtless why he felt bound to make up for his enforced silence on the former subject by exaggerating the truculence of his dealings with the latter. His account of the career of the measure is, of course, purely mythical; and it is one of the discreditable absurdities of the present situation that Ministers in the Commons should be every day bringing injurious charges against the Lords, which are not only not supported, but are expressly and emphatically repudiated by their own colleagues in that House. However, this anomaly is not more flagrant and is less scandalous than the fact that a Minister of the Crown should go down into the provinces to assist in a revolutionary agitation against an independent branch of the Legislature, and, by his presence at a meeting at which the National Anthem was hooted, to countenance an insult to the Sovereign in whose Councils he sits. Nor, perhaps, is the contrast between Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S language and that of his noble colleagues in speaking of the House of Lords more discreditable than the variance between the rhetorical style of Ministers outside the House of Commons and within its walls. It would have detracted considerably from the effect of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S rodomontade at Portsmouth if his hearers could have looked forward twenty-four hours, and seen Mr. FOWLER roaring as mildly as any sucking-dove over the first of the Lords' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill; and, in fact, the whole House discussing it in the style of business-like legislators, instead of in the temper of tub-thumping demagogues. The spectacle, however, must in time produce its effect, we presume, even upon the silliest of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S hearers, and enable him to understand that all this bluster and blather is merely emitted to divert attention from defeat. The Government had, in fact,

two *casus belli* against the Lords, one on a question of principle in the Employers' Liability Bill, in which victory, for whoever gained it, was at least worth winning; the other on a series of questions which it is quite open to either party to treat as matters not of principle but of detail, and upon which, if so treated, victory in any genuine sense of the word is impossible. The Government, with everything in their favour, have contrived to blunder into defeat on the first *casus belli*, and so it is to conceal their chagrin and shame that they are making all this unnecessary fuss about the second.

#### M. BRUNETIÈRE AND THE PRESS.

WE approach M. BRUNETIÈRE's speech to the French Academy with those sentiments of respectful awe proper to persons who have just undergone a wholesome castigation. The great critic has just held up to us—to all of us who write for the press—the list of our sins, long as LEPORELLO'S, and has passed sentence. We are not surprised; for that is exactly what, M. BRUNETIÈRE being the man he is, and the occasion being what it was, he was bound to do. He succeeds JOHN LEMOINNE. No critic better loved—or at any time better loved—to extract the quintessence of a subject. M. JOHN LEMOINNE was a journalist, and nothing but a journalist. Therefore M. BRUNETIÈRE was inevitably led to speak of journalism. His address would have been equally amusing, and at least not less valuable, if rules and tradition had allowed him to pass over his predecessor, and give us a comparative estimate of previous holders of the same chair. It would be delightful to hear M. BRUNETIÈRE compare JULES JANIN and SAINTE-BEUVE; but he is the last man in the world to disregard rules and tradition, even when by so doing he could the better address a word in season to his contemporaries.

So M. BRUNETIÈRE spoke a little of JOHN LEMOINNE and much of journalism, of which latter he had, as was to be expected, little good to say. We acknowledge meekly that there was a painful proportion of truth in his austere judgment. The press is much pestered with the paragraph, and as it goes it may well come to this, that "the little telegraphists or the telephone girls will suffice" to supply readers with what they want. M. BRUNETIÈRE might have included the interviewer. When he defines that "improvisation"—of which some journalists, here as well as there, make their boast—as "the deplorable, the dreadful, the detestable facility of speaking on everything without having learned anything," we know, and everybody knows, that M. BRUNETIÈRE is not speaking without book. There is a great deal of excellent cudgel-play of this order in his speech, as, indeed, there is wont to be in all his work. So much we may acknowledge; but we are by no means disposed to believe that the press need take it all lying down from its critic. In our opinion, he has laid himself open to an answer which considerably disables his judgment. M. BRUNETIÈRE is fond of insisting that there are "genres" in literature, kinds of different degrees of dignity, and not to be confused. But in this speech of his he makes what is really a confusion of kinds when he reproaches journalism for not being literature. His complaint that the journalist of to-day is not expected to be a specialist, as he once was in France at least, is to lament that he is become what he must be. We may add that M. BRUNETIÈRE has a strange idea of what constitutes good training for journalism, to judge from the fact that he quotes with approval the story that ARMAND CARREL kept LITTRÉ on work for three years summarizing foreign papers.

The more fool ARMAND CARREL, say we, for using a razor to cut a block, for wasting a scholar on sub-editor's work. There was probably a want of sub-editors who could read foreign languages. The substance of M. BRUNETIÈRE's complaint of journalism is, that it devotes itself to dishing up the *plat du jour*. But that is exactly the purpose for which journalism exists. You may say that the work ought not to be done. You may agree with SCHOPENHAUER that all journalists must be liars because they have to treat whatever happens as being of sufficient importance to be talked about, whereas very few events appear deserving of notice to the philosopher. But, if you allow that journalism has a right to exist at all, it is uncritical to complain that it wants what by the nature of its being it must want—the finish, the originality, the enduring quality of literature. The *plat du jour* is cooked for the day, and as long as the cook makes an honest use of his material he will "save his soul alive." If he is a dishonest flashy fellow, as he unhappily often is, that is his particular sin. If the reader prefers flashy work, and encourages it, let him share the blame. But the journalist is to be rebuked for doing bad journalism, not for not doing literature. What he brews is ordinaire and "vino de pasto"—modest wines for daily consumption. The vintage wine is something much nobler, we allow; but it is uncritical to blame ordinaire for not being La Rose.

#### HANS VON BÜLOW.

*CE que c'est de nous!* There passes away a man the like of whom, as an artist and a worker, we shall never see again—generous, witty, well-educated, and well-born, and all the record of him vouchsafed up to date consists of a few biographical details picked up in reference books, and a couple of more or less authentic anecdotes. Of course, if Hans von Bülow is remembered or known only as a pianist and a conductor, it cannot be otherwise. Not that it is implied here that he was not great in either capacity; but it is not as a performer that Bülow has a lasting claim to our admiration, or, indeed, to the gratitude of the whole musical world. It is as editor of standard classical works for the pianoforte—works that embrace what may be termed *la grande école du pianiste*, that range from pianoforte studies to fugues and fantasias, and that cover a period from Handel to Mendelssohn and Schumann. Handel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, have all been edited by Bülow, not only with an especial conscientiousness, but with such an extraordinary insight into the intentions of each master as to place a dry and ungrateful task almost on a par with divination. To give an idea of the labour involved in a task of this kind, we may instance here Bülow's edition of Cramer's Pianoforte Studies (Münich: Joseph Aibl). Besides a very thoughtful selection, and a progressive arrangement of these studies, their absolutely perfect and complete fingering, and most minute care in attaching to every bar marks of dynamic expression, there are no less than some 160 foot-notes to sixty studies—as many invaluable treasures to the teacher and the student alike. An arpeggio, a shake, a slur, a turn, change of fingers, phrasing, speed, tonality—everything is here food for careful observation and priceless advice, and nothing escapes the eagle eye and the artistic honesty of the remarkable man whose loss we deeply deplore.

In the same guise were edited some twenty of Bach's works, Chopin's Etudes, and that wonderful pianoforte reduction of *Tristan and Isolde* and *Iphigénie en Aulide*; and the whole work was done by Bülow himself, and not entrusted, as is often the case, to a "gifted pupil." Somebody has had the impudence to express a doubt whether men will care to cherish Bülow's name for its own sake! Bülow's name will survive as long as the works he has edited will live; as an editor alone he is superior to any, Tausig and Klindworth not excepted. As a pianist he will remain to those who have heard him a model interpreter of Beethoven; and who ever was fortunate enough to hear a Beethoven cyclus of his is not likely to forget Bülow's bigness of conception in performing the works of the master of masters.



As a conductor he simply worked marvels, even with an indifferent orchestra, and this is the performance he perhaps enjoyed most; he would compare his conducting to his pianoforte playing, and say at the end of a concert, provided he was satisfied, "This is the finest Bechstein I have played on." Bülow at orchestral rehearsals was almost as interesting as Verdi, and operatic performances—*Carmen*, for instance—under his bâton were the rarest treats a musician could enjoy. His connexion with the operatic stage led him to the definition of a tenor which it is difficult not to repeat:—"ein Tenor ist kein Mensch; es ist eine Krankheit" (a tenor is not a man; it is an illness!) And since an anecdote has been perpetrated, room for another might be found. It will be remembered how, some two or three years ago, the German Emperor in the course of a speech referred rather rudely to the "grumblers" (*Nörgler*) at the existing régime, and advised all such to shake off the dust of the Vaterland's soil. The speech created an unusual stir in all circles, and there was a large contingent of officials and others who took the hint, and became known forthwith as *Staubabschüttler*. Bülow, who had always something to say or to write, held his tongue this time; but, at the first Philharmonic Concert he conducted in Berlin, as he stepped on the platform he took out a very large handkerchief and in full view of the audience began to dust his shoes, just to show that he was not satisfied with the existing state of things! He took it also musically out of Count Hochberg when that amiable despot had him turned out of the Berlin Opera House. It was at a pianoforte recital at the Singacademie, where, by way of a prelude, Bülow just played the first few bars of Figaro's aria, "Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino!" Bülow's sarcastic vein found also an outlet in a composition of little merit, but one by which he, strangely enough, set great store, "Humoristische Quadrille aus Motiven der Oper Benvenuto Cellini von Berlioz"; a mistake not easily explained in so serious an artist, and due probably to a passing influence.

Of a score or so of original compositions of his, only "Innocence," a small but charming pianoforte piece, has become popular. His earliest works were published at Schott's, and it is quite interesting to read his paraphrase of "Caro Nome" (Op. 2), or the "Marche Héroïque" (Op. 3), as compared with his orchestral ballad, "The Singer's Curse" (Op. 16), or the symphonic poem "Nirwana" (Op. 20). But Bülow's edition of, say, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* has more artistic value than all his original compositions. Born on the 8th of January, 1830, he was hardly sixty-four when he died, and it may not be without interest to know that his last wish, when militant yet, was to conduct a series of Wagner concerts here. In fact, the writer has heard him express great concern about the way in which certain of Wagner's works were performed here; "not according to tradition" was Bülow's uncompromising opinion. That Bülow was seen in this country less than he himself might have wished should be attributed to the fact that a very successful and arduous tournée resulted to him in a loss of some 3,500*l.*—a strange result, but one that made him fight shy of another speculative venture. And still, Bülow was a most disinterested man. Some three years ago he was presented at Hamburg with a purse of close upon 800*l.* by way of a testimonial. He gave away the whole sum to the local museum for the purpose of completing a collection of ancient musical instruments, on the condition that part of the money should be employed to pay off the deficit of a model autograph edition of the *Messiah*, due to the care of Dr. Chrysander, whose expenses were not covered by a subscription. And what better proof of the man's generosity than his attitude towards Wagner? He not only forgave that great and unprincipled friend of his, but remained his faithful admirer to the last. One might quote also a recent letter of his to Verdi as a proof of his being always open to conviction; but enough has been said, it is hoped, to prove that with Hans Guido von Bülow passes a rare artistic intellect, and thus another link with a glorious and also gone generation is snapped.

#### INDIA AND SIMULTANEOUS EXAMINATIONS.

**A**MID the too common ignorance of all things Indian which prevails in England, it is hardly wonderful that the question of Simultaneous Examinations is so wholly misunderstood. For some occult reason, the agitation has

been taken up and led by the advanced Radical party, apparently under the impression that the scheme is of a "levelling" description, and a fresh step towards that Democracy whereto it is the fashion to declare we tend. This is so absurd a notion that it may seem scarcely worth pulverizing; but when this idea becomes a lever whereby the system of simultaneous examinations may be forced on the Indian Government, it is well that its baselessness should be shown once and for all. In the first place, India is the least democratic country in the world. She is entirely aristocratic, both by tradition and by sentiment, and sentiment and tradition live longer in the East than they do in the West—so long, in fact, that to the ordinary observer they appear to be immortal. And the system of simultaneous examinations, were it adopted, would be far from helping to advance Democracy, or Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, or any similar cry, in India. Rather it would set up an oligarchic administration of natives in the place of the present oligarchic administration of whites, and the last state of that country would be very much worse than the first. For among natives of the tropics "self-denial and moderation linked with boundless power appear unreal and grotesque." And it is only by the almost universal exercise of a moderation and self-denial such as the world has probably never seen before in a great body of administrators that the Indian Civil Service is able to employ its great powers rightly. When such qualities appear nothing less than absurd in their rulers to the Eastern mind, the Bengalee is hardly likely to practise them when he rises to power in the Civil Service. The Brahmin never has practised them in the past, and he is not in the least likely to begin now. Hence arises that apparently unnatural preference on the part of the great majority of the peoples of India for the government of the *pukka* "white man" and the *Sahib* rather than that of the native of the country. Nor is the preference in the least unnatural if we consider the facts for a moment. It only wears that appearance to those mistaken persons who will not understand that there is no national feeling in India, because there is no nation; that there is no *esprit de corps*, because there can be no cohesion between men of utterly divergent and often traditionally hostile races and creeds. Of these, some are sprung from the old conquering stocks, before the *pax Britannica* folded its wings over the land, some from races long held in subjection by them, and accustomed to drag their chain. But, unfortunately for that fetish of the English people, the competitive examination system, the former or conquering races have been for the most part fighting men, brutal, no doubt, and occasionally ruthlessly savage in their predatory raids, but by no means intellectual. Whereas a portion at least of the conquered populations, though no hands at the sword and the lance, have always had considerable leanings towards education. But if simultaneous examinations in India and in England are started, and if a large proportion of the appointments slowly but surely find their way to the Hindoo, it is but natural that the non-Hindoo races of India should say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." The domination of the white man they understand. They know nothing about examinations and care less, as a martial stock they have a greater respect for bayonets than brains. So that the seal of the Indian Civil Service Examination will not, in the minds of these races, turn a *Baboo* into a *Sahib*. He belongs to the race they have conquered a hundred times, a race they have despised and contemned for centuries, whose lands they have harried with unfailing regularity when there was nothing else doing. Nothing has occurred since, in their opinion, to give him a right to rule them. The rule of the white man they understand because it rests ultimately on the sword, though the sword seldom appears, and, most of all, because it was won and asserted by the sword. That is the only method by which authority can possibly be established in their opinion.

They bear no malice. They are willing to follow us, to obey us, if necessary to fight for us, loyally enough. But they question our right to put another foreign yoke upon their necks, to not merely rule them ourselves, but to make them obey Brahmins, or members of the Brahmo-Sumâj, or the "Out" caste. Those gentlemen have not asserted their right to rule by the only argument which is understood in the East—the right of war—and people neither know nor care whether they have passed examinations. So that if the present mischievous scheme is carried out, we shall have

got ourselves into the proverbial hornets'-nest which the stupidity of John Bull is always involving him in. The people, few or many, who get into the Indian Civil Service may support us, because their position and their incomes depend on us; but in so doing they will forfeit the confidence and support of their own people, and will be valueless as props for the Government of India to lean on. The rest, who cannot get into the Service, or whose studies, vainly directed towards that goal, have left them soured and discontented, and with a rooted idea that they have not been treated fairly, will recruit the ranks of the native press, and add to the already dangerous virulence which it daily displays towards the Indian Government. Being composed of the educational failures of the new régime in India, what should they do for a living if not tear the hand which fed them with that poisoned meat of education which marred their lives? And as the few who do succeed in entering the Civil Service will be Hindoos of one or two castes at most, all the other races, the Sikhs, Mahrattas, Punjabees, and all the Mohammedans, who are at present our most valuable friends and the backbone of our native armies, will be offended by a move which, as they say, puts them under the yoke of the *Baboo*. And so this new democratic movement of ours will offend nine-tenths of the people living in India; it will tend to place the power in the hands which, on the whole, deserve it least, and which would be absolutely powerless to hold it if our protection were removed. We shall be setting up a cowardly oligarchy by our swords, and when trouble comes and our puppets are thrown down, to us will be left the thankless task of setting them up again, and being abused for not affording them better protection, while we punish those very races among whom our real supporters lie, for conduct which we might have foreseen and with which we cannot but sympathize. And what can be the use of setting up an administration which cannot stand alone? And who are the people who will gain by the movement? The prig will answer pat, "The Indian nation." If he is not checked, he will probably at once proceed, "It will learn self-respect by being entrusted with the task of governing itself. Some day an elective system will be firmly established, and then India will have a House of Commons like our own." To which we would reply, in all sincerity, God forbid! But nothing, we suppose, will ever persuade our friend that there is no "Indian nation"—that India is inhabited by very many nations, not divided territorially—for in that case the sanguine ignoramus might look forward to a collection of federated States under a president, and with a Congress after the American model. The different and mutually hostile races of India are all jumbled together, and no territorial division is possible. Half of them are lions, the other half are lambs, and they are in one den. We are in the position of the lion-tamer and the shepherd in one. If we turn our backs the lion will harry the lamb, but as long as we are there he has sufficient respect for us to keep the peace. But if we attempt the outrageous paradox of setting the docile and intelligent lamb in authority over the lion, that excellent beast will probably devour the sheep, and us too, if we are not extremely careful.

The fact is, nothing will induce one nation of Indians to submit quietly to the rule of a man of another nation. They can understand being forcibly kept under at different times by different nationalities in the peninsula, but they cannot understand how they should be expected to allow themselves to be ruled, irrespective of race or creed, by anybody who happens to pass an examination. This does not merely apply to the Mohammedans, who are against the simultaneous system to a man, but also to many sections of the Hindoos themselves. A great meeting of the Pariah class, who constitute one-fourth of the entire population of Southern India, was held only a month or two ago in Madras, strongly protesting against the possibility of their being placed under the rule of their ancient oppressors, the Brahmans (who are the people most likely to enter the Civil Service if the new scheme is adopted), to whom, they said, their present degradation was due. The Mohammedans are naturally greatly disturbed at the prospect presented to them. They are the conquering race. They have ruled the races of India by the sword for centuries; but they are now poor for the most part and ill educated. They have no chance of entering the Civil Service, and every prejudice of race and creed and tradition forbids them to submit to be ruled by the despised Hindoo. The whole of the Mohammedan press has been protesting against the scheme

for weeks, and, unless its voice is heard, there may be trouble. For time and peace have by no means tended to soften the hostility between the two races. It is too old and deep-rooted for that, and the cow-killing riots have afforded a valuable illustration, if there was any danger of their being forgotten, of their differences. Of course too much attention must not be paid to the evidence of public meetings—though we believe the meeting of Pariahs to have been *bond fide*, and the obvious reasonableness of its contention makes us less inclined to doubt it. But agitation, and the methods of modern American electioneering, are becoming only too well known in India; and a man can get an extensively signed protest, or a public meeting, for use in his speeches in the House of Commons for a hundred rupees. And, with the rupee at 1s. 3d., this cannot be called dear for the English buyer.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE whole of the English Railway Companies have now declared their dividends and issued their reports, and certainly the reports are far from cheerful reading. We commented upon the passenger lines a few weeks ago, and especially upon the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire. We shall confine our attention to-day more particularly to what are called the "heavy" lines—the lines, that is, which derive most of their traffic from the carriage of goods. Broadly, it may be said that, though the long drought and the crises in Australia and the United States added to the general depression of trade, and therefore affected the railway Companies adversely, the chief influence that they suffered from was the coal strike. For example, the North-Eastern has been able to declare a dividend of 7 per cent. for the second half of last year, comparing with only 6½ per cent. for the corresponding period of the year before—it has been able, that is to say, to increase its dividend by ½ per cent. But the North-Eastern serves a district which happily took no part in the strike, and it benefited, therefore, by the increased demand for coal in its district. Again, the London, Chatham, and Dover has been able to pay 4½ per cent. on its Preference stock, the same as twelve months ago, and the North Staffordshire likewise pays 5 per cent., the same as twelve months ago. But the lines which serve the districts in which the hottest of the battle raged suffered very severely indeed. Thus the Midland is able to distribute only 3 per cent. dividend against 6½ per cent. at this time last year—a falling off in dividend of as much as 3½ per cent. It will be remembered that the decline in earnings was greatest in the case of the Midland during the strike, and that even proportionately it suffered nearly as much as the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire. The Great Northern is able to pay barely 3 per cent. against 5½ per cent. at this time last year, a falling off in dividend of as much as 2½ per cent. The London and North-Western declares 5½ per cent. against 7½ per cent., a falling off of 1¾. And the Great Western likewise pays 5½ per cent., which compares with 7 per cent. last year, showing a falling off of 1½ per cent. To go back, however, to the lines not so much affected by the strike, the London and South-Western distributes 7½ per cent. dividend against 7¾ per cent., a falling off of not more than ½ per cent.; the Lancashire and Yorkshire 3 per cent. against 4 per cent.; and the Rhymney 6 per cent. against 7 per cent. Of the ten lines enumerated, one is able to distribute at a slightly higher rate than at this time last year, two maintain the same rate, one decreases the rate ½ per cent., two 1 per cent., one has come down 1½ per cent., one comes down 1¾ per cent., one 2½ per cent., and one 3½ per cent. The most remarkable thing in looking through the reports is the small amounts the Companies were able to save. That the loss of traffic was becoming formidable was patent to everybody; but the directors and officials do not seem to have made the efforts to economize which would naturally be expected. They stopped running trains, and apparently they discharged a large number of workpeople; for the main saving is in wages, and next come materials. But, broadly speaking, there is very little saving elsewhere. Another thing that strikes one as peculiarly odd is the great increase in the cost of coal in the case of some Companies, and the very small increase in the case of others. It will be recollected that the Manchester, Shef-



field, and Lincolnshire Company, though it suspended its train service to a large extent, had actually to pay 20,000*l.* more for its coal than in the corresponding period of the year before. The Sheffield and Lincolnshire is a small system compared with the North-Western; but, vast as is the system of the North-Western, it paid barely 3,600*l.* more for its coal during the half-year than it did in the corresponding period of the year before. How is it that so small a Company as the Sheffield had to pay at so extravagantly greater a rate for coal than the North-Western? The total falling off in gross earnings in the case of the North-Western was 410,000*l.*, and the saving in expenditure was barely 67,000*l.*, and out of this sum 63,000*l.* was in wages. Surely the Company could have economised in some other directions. Coming to the Midland—which, as already said, suffered worse than any other Company in England from the strike—we find that the total decrease in earnings was as much as 712,000*l.*, of which as much as 584,000*l.* was in the carriage of minerals, showing once more how almost exclusively was it to the strike that the disastrous character of the half-year was due. With a falling off in receipts of nearly three-quarters of a million, the saving in expenditure was barely 125,000*l.* We find again that the Midland, like the Sheffield and Lincolnshire, had to pay a largely increased amount for its coal, the increase being 42,000*l.*, while the North-Western got its coal for less than 4,000*l.* more than in the corresponding six months. Out of the 125,000*l.* savings, 74,000*l.* is in wages and 64,000*l.* in materials. Another thing that strikes one in looking through the reports and accounts is the heavy addition made during the half-year to the rates and taxes. Apparently the strike augmented very seriously those dependent upon the rates, and so ran up the charges that fall upon the railways.

The Directors of the Bank of England have made no change in their rate of discount this week. There was some expectation that they would lower it—partly because the Bank is now exceptionally strong, and gold is coming in from abroad—during the week ended Wednesday night as much as 311,000*l.* net was received—partly because the Bank holds a very large amount of Government money, and it was supposed that the Directors would not take advantage of the circumstance to charge more than is absolutely necessary; and partly because on Wednesday they sent out a notice to the bill-brokers and discount-houses that they were prepared to lend at 2½ per cent. for short periods. Previously they had been charging 3 per cent. This sending out of notice is a new departure; hitherto the Bank has waited until applications were made to it. Naturally the change is not liked by the joint-stock banks, which complain that the Bank is beginning to compete too actively with them, using their own money against themselves. There is some foundation for the complaint; but, at the same time, it is desirable that the Bank should at all times have a greater influence upon the money market than it has hitherto been able to exercise.

On Wednesday the India Council offered for tender, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold 36 lakhs—26 at 18. 1½*d.* per rupee, and 10 at 1½*d.* above that price. The price is very low. It is rather more than ½*d.* less than was received on the previous Wednesday. But, on the other hand, this week the Council succeeded in selling 36 lakhs, whereas the week before it sold only 8. For some months now the demand for the Council's drafts ought to be good, for we have reached the time when the exports from India ought to be on the very greatest scale. Unfortunately the prices for all kinds of Indian produce in Europe are exceedingly low; and it is to be recollected that the imports into India have been on an enormous scale since June last. It is doubtful, therefore, whether the demand for the drafts will be as good as the Council hopes. Early in the week there was a recovery both in silver and in Rupee-paper, but they have given way again. Silver fell on Thursday to 29½*d.* per oz., the lowest price on record, and Rupee-paper is likewise at the lowest quotation. The fall in both cases will probably prove very temporary. It is caused immediately by the scarcity and dearness of money in India. At the present time the Indian Treasuries hold about 16 or 17 crores of rupees more than at this time last year, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the Bank of Bombay has this week raised its rate of discount from 8 to 9 per cent.; the rate of the Bank of Bengal was last week run up from 7 to 9 per cent. The high rates and the difficulty of getting money have

naturally for the time being stopped the imports of silver and the purchases of rupee-paper. Rupee-paper a little while ago was at a premium of 8 per cent. in India, now it is under par.

The more hopeful feeling on the Stock Exchange continues to grow. The signs of improving trade are increasing. Week after week the railway traffic returns show increases, the state of the iron trade is undoubtedly better, the market reports and trade circulars are more cheerful, and the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade reports increased employment for skilled workmen. The prospect of better trade is naturally encouraging the Stock Exchange. There is a good demand for the best classes of investment stocks. Consols, for example, are very nearly at par. The rise in Home Railway stocks likewise is well maintained, and there is a much stronger demand than there has hitherto been even for speculative securities. Another proof of the change of feeling is afforded by the fact that cliques are being formed to buy up various stocks. The improvement, however, has not yet extended to the American department, nor is it likely to do so for some time. The prices of grain, tobacco, wool, and cotton are very low. Exports from the United States consequently are falling off, and the internal trade is hampered by the Tariff debate. It will evidently take many months yet before the country recovers from the crisis of last year. Clearly, then, the time for speculation has not come. But we may repeat what we have so often said before in this column—that the opportunity is favourable for those investors who will take the trouble to inquire for themselves, and to select really good stocks. There has also, during the week, been some recovery in Argentine securities; and there is a better feeling upon the Continental Bourses. The Commercial Treaty signed between Russia and Germany has undoubtedly strengthened the German Bourses; and the negotiations going on with the Italian Government for the formation of a German-Italian Bank are expected to lead to a decided improvement in Italy. The intention of the promoters of the bank is to afford Italian trade the assistance which it now cannot get from the Italian banks; and, naturally, it is inferred that those who are founding the bank intend, by-and-bye, to assist the Government out of its financial difficulties. The Paris market, however, is quiet; though the arrest of Baron Soubeyran has not had much influence. The chief depressing causes are the proposals to raise the Wheat duty and the Anarchist outrages.

Consols closed on Thursday at 99½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Metropolitan Board of Works Three per Cents closed at 107½, a rise of 1; and Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half per Cents closed at 102½, a rise of ½. Consols, it will be seen, are almost at par, while the credit of the London County Council is such that the stock yields only about 2½ per cent. In the Home Railway market there has been a further advance in the Scotch stocks. Thus Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 123, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; while Hull and Barnsley has risen as much as 3½, having closed on Thursday at 32½. Generally prices in this department have been well maintained. There are some exceptions, however. For example, Great Eastern closed on Thursday at 80, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Great Western closed at 161½, a fall of ½. In the miscellaneous department the unexpectedly good dividend announced by Allsops has caused an immense amount of business in both the Ordinary and the Preference stocks, followed naturally by a very great rise. Thus the Ordinary closed on Thursday at 85½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 14½; and the Preference closed at 128½, a rise of 6½. The Ordinary at one period touched 94½. On the other hand, the renewed depreciation of silver has led to a further fall in Rupee-paper, which closed on Thursday at 56½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as ½. At one time in the day the price was actually under 56½. In the American market the movements have been trifling. So far as London is concerned there is almost a suspension of business; but the changes in quotations are generally downwards. Thus, to take a share regarding the dividend upon which there is much uncertainty just now—Milwaukee—the price closed on Thursday at 58, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Passing next to a sound dividend-paying share—New York Central—the price closed

at 101½, a fall of as much as 2. In the inter-Bourse department, on the other hand, the movements are all upwards. French Rentes closed on Thursday at 97½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as ½. Egyptian Unified closed at 102½, a rise of ½; and the Three and a Half per Cent. Preference stock closed at 99, a rise of ½. It will be seen that the credit of Egypt is steadily improving, and is now measured by about 3½ per cent. interest. There has likewise been a considerable recovery in Italian Rentes, which closed on Thursday at 77, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3½.

#### BELOW THE BELT.

THE news that two Italian admirals have recently made a successful cruise in a submarine boat of the kind used by Captain Nemo in Jules Verne's celebrated book will scarcely surprise those who are in the habit of watching the progress of death-dealing inventions. For long there have been rumours of submarine boats. Some years ago a Russian believed he had perfected such a vessel; then we heard that the Americans had constructed a workable model; now the information comes that the two admirals referred to, after making a subaqueous tour in the Gulf of Spezia, returned to the place from which they started, and pretended to discharge a torpedo at a training ship. This is "hitting below the belt" in the most literal sense of the expression, and, if submarine boats are proved to be practicable, ironclads will have to abandon their belts in favour of some more comprehensive garment. With subaqueous torpedoes we have long been familiar; mines, both at sea and on shore, are old acquaintances; but there is something peculiarly awful in the thought of submarine boats darting about like sword-fishes under ships in action, and taking, as it were, an unfair advantage in attacking them from below. As to what is and what is not unfair in war European nations are not quite agreed. One of the most important maxims in the ethics of warfare was laid down at St. Petersburg long ago. It was then agreed that none of the Powers represented should use "any projectile of a weight below 400 grammes (about fourteen ounces) which is either explosive or charged with fulminating or inflammable substances." Yet it was only the other day that we were informed of the successful trials made with a new gun invented by an Austrian officer, the merit of which appears to be that it will fire either quickly or slowly explosive bullets of exceptionally light weight. What the precise nature of the "gun" in question is was not altogether clear from the somewhat scanty reports; indeed, some of them described it as a "rifle." If so, it is quite certain that the "exceptionally light bullets" are under the weight prescribed by the St. Petersburg Declaration, and their introduction in warfare would mark a very serious step in the direction of what has hitherto been considered unfair and inhuman.

The second great landmark in the history of military ethics is the Brussels Convention of 1874. Although the English repudiated some of the resolutions adopted by the other Powers, there is no doubt that, in the main, the conclusions arrived at represent the views of Europe on the subject of war. As regards the "means of injuring an enemy," with which question alone we are now dealing, the Brussels Convention laid it down that no poison or poisoned weapons were to be used; there was to be no murder by treachery; no murder of a disarmed enemy; no declaration of "No Quarter"; no projectiles causing unnecessary suffering, or forbidden by the declaration of St. Petersburg; no abuse of the flag of truce; and no unnecessary destruction of property; but *ruses de guerre* were to be permitted. Here, then, is the germ of an ethical code which might have won the approval of Grotius. It was suggested and approved at Brussels that, in the case of warfare with savages, retaliatory measures, not permissible by the above regulations, might be employed. Nevertheless, we should be considerably scandalized in England if it came to our ears that our troops had used poisoned weapons or had poisoned the wells in Matabeleland. Yet both these means of injuring their enemies are frequently employed by savages. We have among us, unfortunately, a large number of sickly sentimentalists whose notions of morality do not stop here. They would object to the infliction of hunger on defenders of a besieged city; they would con-

demn pennons on lances, because they frighten the enemy's horses. The sentiments of such men and women luckily do not count for much in the progress of the world, and they may be ignored. But outside these there is the great body of thinking level-headed men in every country of Europe, who, as each new lethal invention is brought out, have to ask themselves whether they shall not by common consent agree to do without it. In other words, there is a tendency to assimilate the ethics of war to the ethics of the prize-ring, and to condemn certain acts as being equivalent to hitting an adversary below the belt. The days are past when it was possible for a dangerous invention to be altogether smothered. Whether or not such a course was ever possible is much to be doubted; there is, however, a story told of Louis XIV. which, if true, redounds very much to his credit. A chemist of Rome, named Poli, having discovered a compound ten times as powerful as gunpowder, came in the year 1702 to offer his invention to Louis XIV. The King promised him the price he demanded on condition that Poli never disclosed his secret. "Banish the very thought of it from your memory," Louis is reported to have said, "and thus join with me in doing a service to mankind." How curious this seems to us now in these days of all-powerful explosives!

A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware, no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying despatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the Capitol, or of the dog which foiled Aurangzeb in his siege of Golconda, and was rewarded with a golden collar; but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal. But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them; the Gauls used them; Columbus used them; Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex six hundred fighting dogs for purposes of war; and late in the eighteenth century a hundred bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our Government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately it was destined that the disgrace of using them should be spared us; for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow. Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connexion that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoît pas."

Elephants have from time immemorial played an important part in warfare. The names of the celebrated fighting elephants "Diyana," "Hiranand," "Narsing," and many more, were as familiar in their day to the armies of the East as are the names of our first-class battle-ships to ourselves. It is not generally known that the elephants not only trampled men under foot and hurled them into the air with their trunks, but also fought with weapons on occasion. Saiyid Alam Barha, for instance, very nearly made an end of Aurangzeb and his army by sending three elephants, which, says Khasi Khan, "dashed about with their trunks chains of two or three *man's* weight, overthrowing and crushing every one who came in their way." Among other curiosities of warfare may be mentioned the use of scorpions, snakes, and bees in action. While we note the fact that there was a kind of shooting machine called a "Scorpion" in old days, there is, nevertheless, strong reason for supposing that the Arabs captured the fort of Nisibin by throwing jars of peculiarly venomous living scorpions over the walls. The scorpions of Kurdan and Nisibin are known to be deadly. A similar device is mentioned in Rashid-ud-din's history of Mahmud; and another history relating to the same period tells how Khalaf defended a fort by throwing, with his catapults, bags of snakes among the besiegers.

The part played by bees on a certain occasion was, if the Abbé della Rocca is to be believed, equally effective. "Amurath, the Turkish Emperor," says our authority, "during one of his sieges, had made a breach in the wall, and was about to storm the town, when he found that about the breach the inhabitants had placed numerous hives of bees. The Janissaries, brave as they were, dared not face the insects, and refused to advance." There is also a story, which we cannot bring ourselves to believe, of a privateer's crew of forty to fifty men capturing a Turkish galley with five hundred seamen and soldiers on board by means of a swarm of bees judiciously thrown among the unspeakable



ones. However this may be, there are enough authentic instances of strange methods of attack to provide amply sufficient material for the casuist in deciding what is fair and what unfair in war. Burning naphtha, boiling lead, birds, carcasses of men and horses, Chinese stinkpots, besides the implements already mentioned, have all been used for offensive or defensive purposes in actual warfare. And what with our modern systems of dazzling by electric light, submarine attacks, flying machines, and elaborate lethal apparatus, it seems not improbable that we are on the eve of resorting to some of the more fanciful methods of Eastern warfare, which, fifty or a hundred years ago, would most distinctly have been regarded as so many attempts to hit below the belt.

#### RANSOMS.

THE ransom of John II. of France, taken prisoner by the Black Prince near Poitiers on 19th of September, 1356, was fixed by the treaty of Bretigny, four years later, at three million golden crowns. This crown—or golden royal, as it was otherwise called—was then worth 1 livre 5 sous, and the sum of royals was thus equal to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million livres of the day. Further, five of these livres were then coined out of the mark of eight ounces of pure silver, and thus the ransom was 750,000 marks. Nowadays the same weight of silver gives (closely enough for present purposes) 55 francs, so the ransom came to some 1,650,000 sterling in our present currency. When Hume wrote, he put it at a million and a half; but there was one important element in the calculation which he, like many others, left out of sight. The purchasing power of money in the fourteenth century was several times what it now is. Leber said six times, but he exaggerated, although his tables (for want of better) have still to be consulted. M. le Vicomte G. d'Avenel has recently accentuated this, and putting it even at the quadruple, the ransom demanded for King John was well over six millions and a half of our present money. Of course this computation is not affected by the modern fall in silver values, for the mark is here used as an arithmetical symbol, and the franc as a token-coin merely.

John, as only every schoolboy now knows, was let out on parole to try to finance the business, but he failed; the ransom was never paid, and he returned to the state of captivity at large. Some of the loose, including the inaccurate Dreux du Radier and the greatly daring Branthosme, said the Countess of "Salsberiq's" *beaux yeux* had something to do with his recidivity. Others, again, said his subjects did not think him worth the money; which was the case also. But the main fact was that all the money and "portable property" then in France would not "run to it."

The Black Death had but just swept over the land, when almost all the kingdom was laid waste with fire and sword by the terrible Prince Noir or his great father; and plague and war were followed by the ravages of the vast bands of companioned outcasts known as the *Grandes-Compagnies*. Prisoners had been taken and held to ransom (paid or unpaid) everywhere by the English, and it is computed that far more than the large sum asked for John left France for private ransoms during his ill-starred reign. Philippe de Comines was guilty of copying from older chroniclers the story that for a long time pieces of leather, with a sort of silver stud in the centre, passed as money; but no specimen of this mintage and no confirmation of it have been traced.

However, it is abundantly clear that the distress was then so great that all classes of society—knights, burgesses, lawyers and priests, as well as artisans, labourers, and shepherds—all pledged to the Jews, for the pettiest sums, even the least of their household articles. Still John did not want for pocket-money in England. When he died in his prison-palace of the Savoy in 1364 he willed to his household some 25,000*l.* of our currency: And in trying to raise the ransom many a French church was robbed by or for the captured King. The cathedral of Troyes thus lost in March 1361 an altar-table of wrought gold and jewels worth a thousand golden florins, a sum then equal to 27,000 days' wages for a labourer.

To go back a century. When Louis IX., the saint, surrendered with his whole forces to the Saracens at Mansûra, on the 5th of April, 1250, a million golden bezants—equal to half that number of the livres of the day—were demanded for his freedom. But the Moslems came down to 800,000

bezants, and in the end, by surrendering Damietta, Louis got off for 100,000 marks—equal, roughly, to over a million sterling of to-day. Those golden bezants contained about thirty-shillings' worth of our gold, but to go to market with would buy then as much probably as  $7\frac{1}{2}$  sovereigns now would. Were the scorner allowed to break forth here, he would probably tell how this high-priced and saintly carcass was treated by his own people, when Louis died at the siege of Tunis, twenty years later. Being hard up for embalmers, they had (according to the *Journal of Aubery*) to quarter and boil him down in separate caldrons, and so sent but his whited skeleton to France.

Cœur-de-Lion's ransom, paid to the Emperor Henry VI. in 1193, was 150,000 marks, equal, said Hume again, to 300,000*l.* of our present money; but this (as before) must be multiplied, and perhaps sevenfold, which would raise it to some two millions sterling.

When Francis I.—"Mars dubius, non certa Venus"—gave up the stump of his sword to Lannoy under the walls of Pavia on the 24th of February, 1525, and was carried off to prison in Madrid, he regained his liberty in the following January, on parole, after that long "fast" on which Balzac has dilated drolatically in his *Contes*, by signing his name to conditions he never could have meant to fulfil. Among these items was a payment of two million crowns. For all that boasting about "l'honneur," it is matter of history that Master Francis, le roy Cognacois, showed none of the chivalry of his predecessor John. However, it would seem that the sum of money did somehow change hands, in order to release his two sons; but this was not until three years later, and the transaction was then effected in great part by "bills on England." A deed executed "6 August 1529," at the time of the Treaty of Cambrai, and signed by Cuthbert, Bishop of London and Privy Seal, Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of the Duchy, and John Haket—Henry's Commissioners at Cambrai—shows that the King of England made over to Francis, to be employed in part payment of Charles V.'s demand, two of the Emperor's "obligations" to him for money lent at Windsor and Middelburg, seven and twelve years previously, to the amount of 185,000 "escus d'or soleil," and 40,000 "nobles angelotz." These sums were to be repaid by Francis to Henry VIII. at Calais, in instalments running over three years, in similar coins of good gold and just weight. The mark of silver was then worth  $6\frac{1}{2}$  of the crowns named in the ransom, so that two millions of them would make 308,000 marks, worth at the present date (say)  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling.

By the way, when Francis was captured he did not precisely write the famous "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur," any more than John had said, when surrendering on his parole, that, if honour were banished from the earth, it should still be found in the breast of kings. There have always been paragraphers to invent these tags in order to enable monarchs to "get off" well, when they are fretting on the stage. What Francis actually wrote to his mother after Pavia, in a despatch about other matters, was this:—"De toutes choses ne m'est demouré que l'honneur, et la vie qui est saine." And he had, indeed, fought with perilous bravery on that day.

That "ugly duck" and obstinate Breton Du Guesclin, ferocious and brutal even in his childhood to that degree that his father and mother often wished him dead, and so ill formed and favoured that a sight of him would frighten a woman in his after life, was twice taken and ransomed. Once by John Chandos at Auray in 1364, when they say this brave Bertrand, who in battle was cool and furious together, had broken all his weapons, and was fighting on with his mailed fists. That mishap cost 100,000 livres, 40,000 of which were paid by Charles V., and the rest by the Pope and Henry (afterwards) of Castile. So saith Argentré in his *History of Bretagne*. Three years later, this indomitable and savage freebooter fell, in Spain, into the hands of the Black Prince, who let him off for 60,000 livres, which sum was also paid; Du Guesclin boasting (or his chronicler—his chanticleer—for him) that if the money were not in chest, the King of France would set every girl in the kingdom to spin until it was gathered. These two ransoms would now be perhaps some 256,000*l.* But Du Guesclin very soon after got some of his *Grand Companies* in hand once more, and held Pope Urban V. himself to ransom in Avignon for more than that, for 320,000*l.* was handed out to him in double florins of gold. This "flower of chivalry" was soon after made Connestable of France,

and died so, at the age of sixty-six. He could not read, but had learnt to scrawl his signature; and his name was (like many others of the period) so mangled by friends and foes that he is to be puzzled over in some fourteen aliases.

King Janus de Lusignan, of Cyprus, Jherusalem, and Armenia, when taken prisoner by the invading Saracens of Egypt on 7th July, 1426, was held to ransom for 200,000 ducats (about 170,000 livres) down, and 5,000 ducats a year; which would now, as computed by the Comte de Mas Latrie, come to some 300,000*l.*, or about eighteen months' present revenue of the island.

### THE TWO PULLTHEWIAHS.

(With apologies to the Election Agents at Portsmouth.)

**T**HERE'S an Old Pullthewiah and a Young Pullthewiah  
Who's resolved to bring the business up to date;  
But not everybody knows that they nearly came to blows  
Down at Portsmouth, as I purpose to relate.

Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"What, in thunder, is that knocking at the door?  
Were it pulling of the bell, 'twould perhaps have been as well,  
'Twere a signal as appropriate, or more."

Said the Young Pullthewiah to the Old Pullthewiah,  
"The performer of that rat-a-tat-atat  
Is the Coming Generation that affects examination,  
And diplomas, and certificates, and that."

Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"What are these innovations that you plan?  
Can the theorist impart the electioneering art?"  
Said the Young Pullthewiah, "Yes, he can."

Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"Do you think our little game is something new,  
Or a thing that you can cram with a view to an exam.?"  
Said the Young Pullthewiah, "Yes, I do."

Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"What examiner could make the system go?  
Could the ablest paper-shaper make a shift to shape a paper  
On the things election agents ought to know?"

Said the Young Pullthewiah to the Old Pullthewiah,  
"That's precisely what he could, in point of fact;  
He could put them through their paces as regards decided cases  
On the Practices Corrupt Prevention Act."

Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"Yes, but what we want with that, as I suppose,  
Isn't learning for parading it, but dodges for evading it;  
And how can they examine you on those?"

Said the Young Pullthewiah to the Old Pullthewiah,  
"Your views are somewhat cynical, I find";  
Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"You're a juggins of the weakest-witted kind."

Said the Young Pullthewiah to the Old Pullthewiah,  
"Mr. M-j-r-banks shall decide between us two";  
Said the Old Pullthewiah to the Young Pullthewiah,  
"Yes; but I shall in the meantime go for you."

Then the Young Pullthewiah and the Old Pullthewiah  
Fell to fighting down at Portsmouth with a will;  
And we most devoutly pray that the next election day  
May find the noble fellows fighting still.

### REVIEWS.

#### ARAB ART.

*L'Art Arabe.* Par Al. Gayet. Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des Beaux-Arts. Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin. 1893.  
Comité de Conservation des Monuments de l'Art Arabe. Exercice 1892. Fascicule IX. Le Caire. 1893.

**T**HE addition of a new volume to the admirable series of art handbooks published by the Ancienne Maison Quantin is always a matter of interest, but especially when it deals with so

fascinating a subject as Arab art. M. Gayet is known chiefly by an elaborate, if somewhat exaggerated, essay on *La Sculpture Copte*, published in a French magazine, and referred to at short intervals throughout the present volume; but he has other qualifications for the difficult task he has set before himself. He is thoughtful, he is enthusiastic, and he understands architecture. Of course he has studied the Cairo monuments on the spot. On the other hand he is one-sided—bigoted even; he has not the instinct for artistic style which enables a critic to ascribe monuments to their true period; he does not know the literature of his subject; and, so far as may be judged by the present work, he is no Arabic scholar. The result of this blending of merits and defects is an interesting and suggestive essay—a stimulating hypothesis, founded upon imperfect data, and illustrated often by positively erroneous evidence, which adequate scholarship and historical preparation would instantly discredit. We have, in short, a very pretty and lively hobby-horse, standing on false legs, and ridden to death.

M. Gayet is dominated by a fixed idea. To him everything at all admirable in Arab art is due to the Copts. In order to give some air of probability to this theory, he has restricted the term "Arab art" to the Mohammedan art of Egypt. He uses the term under protest, because, to ascribe any art to the Arabs themselves is to credit them with a talent they do not possess; but he finds the name imposed upon him by usage and tradition. It may be—indeed it is—so in French; but in English, fortunately, the more comprehensive name, "Saracenic," has long been used as an alternative. M. Gayet, it is true, ridicules the latter term; Saracen, he says, is derived from "Sarraghin," a cavalry corps of the crusading period, and one might as well call the art of Louis Treize "lansquenet art." We are afraid M. Gayet is out in his etymology. We do not recognize his *Sarraghin*, since there is no root, *s-r-gh*, in Arabic; but his treatment of Oriental names is so irregular that he may possibly be thinking of *Sarrājin*, "saddlers," or *sārikīn*, "robbers." It does not much signify which, for Saracen comes from neither, but simply and obviously from *Sharki*, "eastern," and by derivation, and also by the popular associations of the word, Saracenic is a legitimate and appropriate name for the art of the Muslims in the middle ages, especially in its Egyptian and Syrian developments.

To M. Gayet, however, Arab art means the art of the Saracens of Egypt, unconnected with any other branch. Of course this isolation is unhistorical and unphilosophic. The art of the Mohammedans, from India to Spain, hangs together as a whole, considerably differentiated by local influences in the several countries, but containing certain dominating elements common to all. But as the Copts had not much to do with Cordova or Agra, these branches of Saracenic art are discarded in a text-book where the Shibboleth must be pronounced in Coptic; and M. Gayet, in more than one place, naïvely admits that he intentionally sets aside Persian and other elements which he regards as "foreign" to the true Arab art. Moorish art he considers quite a Western—i.e. European—product, although he believes that "certain Eastern artists followed the Caliphs Mo'awiyah and Walid to Spain" at the time of the Conquest. Considering that these worthy pontiffs never left their Eastern headquarters, the concession is a trifle over-generous. But this is only an exiguous example of M. Gayet's historical transgressions.

His theory is that Arab art, in this restricted sense, had its origin and centre in Lower Egypt; that it was a natural development, or rather scarcely more than a reproduction, of the art of the Alexandrian school; that this school, though the child of Byzantium, had cast off Byzantine influences, dismissed the leading features of Constantinopolitan art, and become an independent Coptic style; and that this style was impressed upon Arab art by the Coptic architects who built many—M. Gayet would say most, if not all—of the mosques and civil buildings of Cairo. Our author takes immense credit to himself for this portentous discovery. He writes as though no one had ever heard of the Copts and their architecture until he arose—a prophet in Israel—to reveal them. He talks of having "relevé plus de vingt églises coptes et douze monastères," and refers to the numerous Christian monuments in Egypt, "qui attendent l'archéologue qui daignera s'occuper d'eux." People are fond of talking of the insularity of Englishmen, but there is nothing in creation to match the insularity of a French professor. Had M. Gayet read the literature of his subject he would have known that most of his wonderful discoveries are ancient history. As one reads page after page of what our author apparently regards as startling revelations, the only comment is *connu*. More than a generation ago, in one of the editions of Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, the late Mr. E. S. Poole traced the Coptic ancestry of Arab architecture, and some of his *pièces justificatives* are reproduced in M. Gayet's book. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, lecturing before



the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1861, drew special attention to these researches, and emphasized the importance of Coptic influence upon the early buildings of the Arabs in Egypt. And who has "deigned to busy himself with" Coptic churches more than Mr. Butler of Brasenose, whose two beautiful volumes are themselves a monument to the monuments of Christian Egypt? Really M. Gayet must go to school again, and learn his subject before he begins to teach it. It is all very well to tell us, in his preface, that previous writers on Arab art have not been "d'aucun secours pour cette étude"; unless he takes the trouble to read them, they are not likely to be of much use to him. But until he has read them he should abstain from announcing discoveries which have been made probably before he was born. A very considerable amount of research has been devoted to Arab art of late years, by English scholars especially, and the collections of examples of Saracenic work in our museums are peculiarly rich; but to none of these does M. Gayet deign to refer. Mr. Eustace Corbett's elaborate examination of the mosques of 'Amr and Ibn-Tûlûn are as unknown to him as Mr. Butler's *Coptic Churches*; and the only authorities he mentions are that ingenious and promising student, M. Max van Berchem, and—M. Prisse d'Avennes, to whose "notes nourries" he refers with gratitude. Now M. Prisse d'Avennes's plates are the joy of every lover of Oriental art; but his notes are simply worthless. Of M. Bourgoïn's valuable work not a syllable is said.

The truth is M. Gayet has got Copts on the brain, and their somewhat heavy and obese persons weigh down all other ideas. Naturally the Saracenic art of Egypt is largely indebted to the Copts. The Arabs came to Egypt knowing nothing of architecture, and found a skilful body of native builders ready to help them. Hence Coptic architects and a strong Coptic influence. All this is perfectly true—and perfectly familiar. But it is not the whole story. A Muslim mosque is *not* a Coptic church, whatever M. Gayet may say; and, in spite of his protest, there are undoubtedly Persian—and later on even Tartar—elements in the art of Egypt. He is fond of citing the oft-quoted records of the employment of Coptic architects in the building of mosques; but he omits to mention that Makrizy speaks of famous artists imported from Basra, and gives architects' names which are certainly not Coptic. In the treatment of the decorative arts the handbook is singularly weak. Of metal work M. Gayet wisely engraves but few specimens; for had he done so his contention that three-fourths of the inlaid silver and bronze work in public and private collections are the handiwork of Copts would have been visibly disproved. Of course the "damascened" metal work (the inlay *all' agemina* adopted by the Venetians) had its origin in Persia and Mesopotamia, as is proved by artists' names. But M. Gayet sees Copts everywhere in a species of æsthetic *delirium tremens*. Even a horseman must be a Coptic St. George, as though the Seljûks had not engraved a mounted saint on their coins; while a centaur, instead of being the Persian and Assyrian monster he obviously is, must necessarily be tracked to a Coptic Deir. Thus is the unlucky hobby-horse ridden to its last gasp.

A monomania of this kind needs careful support from accurate historical and archaeological data to render it even plausible. The person possessed by the Coptic devil must know his authorities well and date his monuments correctly. M. Gayet, however, is apparently not at home in Arabic; his history is weak, and, worst of all, his eye is incapable of distinguishing styles. A most amazing example of this last defect is seen in his attribution of the inlaid panelled doors (p. 87) to the original date of the construction of the Azhar. Any tiro in the study of Arab art can see at a glance that they are of the early Mamlûk period of the last quarter of the thirteenth century; but M. Gayet elaborately analyses them as examples of tenth-century work. Some kind friend evidently pointed this out, for a *corrigendum* ascribes the mistake to "une erreur dans la pagination du manuscrit"; but the excuse will not serve; no error of paging will account for the detailed analysis of these doors as Fatimite work. In half a dozen places the Mamlûk Sultan Kalâûn is put for En-Nâsir Mohammed, and is represented as building monuments in 1318, when he had been dead nearly thirty years. To ascribe the citadel mosque to Kalâûn is inexcusable; and another serious mistake is the attribution of the bronze gate of El-Muayyad's mosque to the eponymous builder; the very guide-books might have informed M. Gayet that the door was taken from the mosque of Sultan Hasan. Indeed, our authority has been over-proud in disdaining his Baedeker and Murray—German and English interlopers in the historic theatre of French exploration—otherwise he would not have announced with such a flourish of trumpets the fact, a commonplace of the ciceroni, that the sculptured gate in the Nakhâsîn was brought from Acre. With equal condescension he points out the "little-known" medallion of Kâit-Bey—"peu connu celui-là"—which is probably the most

familiar badge of its kind, and is open to all eyes at the South Kensington Museum. Among curious blunders, due to ignorance of previous researches, may be cited the discussion about the arches of the mosque of 'Amr, which M. Gayet regards as part of the original edifice. Had he read Makrizy, or Mr. Corbett's recent article in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, he would have known that these arches belong to a much later date; and the latter's study of the mosque of Ibn-Tûlûn would also have preserved him from some misconceptions. The worst of it is that all these mistakes are used as links in a grand theory of the development of Arab art.

We have noticed the singular transportation of two Omeyyad Caliphs to Spain; there are many similar historical errors. M. Gayet says that Abu-l-'Abbâs removed the seat of the caliphate to Baghdad, whereas it was El Mansûr; he puts the first conquest of Sicily by the Aghlabites at 800, though their first landing was in 827; he says that, under the Ayyubites, "Egypt ceased to be the capital of the Oriental world," although it was never more so than when Saladin reigned in Cairo. And, speaking of the Ayyubites, we find a good deal in this volume about the *Ayyubite tombs* in the southern Kerâfa. These tombs are known to guide-books as "Tombs of the Mamlûks," and the title is happier than the other one, of "Tombs of the Caliphs" for the eastern cemetery; for whilst no Caliphs are buried in "Kâit-Bey," the inscriptions of the southern Kerâfa are nearly all of Mamlûks. (Of course, we do not include that of the learned theologian whom M. Gayet profanely spells "l'Iman Chaffey.") This is how M. Gayet's unproficiency in reading Arabic inscriptions leads him into error; but from any one who can write "Zainab-ed-din Ketbugha," "El-Sefy-ed-din," "Daher-le-Aziz-din-illah," "Saladhar" (Silâhdâr), "makhsourah," "Kotayeh" (El-Katâ'i), "Moad-Abou-Tmyr," "Mirhab," and "iman," &c., *passim*, we cannot look for Oriental scholarship. Of course we have the old confusion of El-Azhar, "*fleurie*, par allusion au surnom *Zarah*, fleur, donné à Fatimeh"—as though Azhar were written Azhâr (which still does not mean "*fleurie*")—but even from M. Gayet we did not expect to find "*Sunna*" defined as meaning the Koran, or written law, as distinguished from the oral traditions. As a matter of fact, the truth is exactly the reverse. As to mistakes which may be indulgently regarded as misprints, we gave up noting them.

The true value of M. Gayet's work lies in its architectural analyses. It is true he begins with a fundamental misconception, when he translates *Mesjid* (Mosque) as "*une enceinte*"; of course, it means merely "*a place of bowing down*," and if our author had carried his researches a little beyond the Coptic horizon, he would have known that a *mesjid* may be nothing more than a wall before which the worshipper bows down. The wall served to keep away outside distractions, and to point the direction of Mecca. But after he has got past his definition of the *Mesjid*, and a deal of useless discussion about the Kaaba and the Mosque at Medina, M. Gayet becomes really instructive, and traces the development of the chief features of Arab architecture, especially the geometrical ornament, stalactites, pendentives, corbellings, and the like, with remarkable ingenuity and technical knowledge. There is much to be learnt from his careful study of details in construction. It is all the more to be regretted that so much that is useful and scientific in this part of his subject should be marred by the historical confusions we have noted, and further obscured by an overlaying of what he calls the "philosophy of Arab art." Describing a geometrical pattern, he says, "*un assemblage polygonal apparaît comme l'indice d'une aspiration secrète*"; he finds in the style of the Juyûshy Mosque a profound melancholy, and discovers a similar depressing influence in an arrangement of polygonal designs of unequal sides: whilst the mystical maker of mosaics is described as endeavouring to "*transcrire par des lignes et des gammes de couleurs la langue du mysticisme, la pensée immuable, toujours semblable à elle-même et toujours changeante; toujours égale et toujours ondoyante*," &c. M. Gayet regards this as the higher criticism of æsthetic; in our unregenerate days of slang it used to be called "*piffle*." But it appears that all these curious emotions produced by Arab art come from the "*délectation morose*" of the Copt—which explains everything, no doubt.

The illustrations are numerous, and many of them are well drawn and to the point. They suffer, however, from the same defect as the text—want of accurate knowledge—and the details are consequently sketchy and the inscriptions illegible. Most of the subjects are very familiar, and have often been engraved or photographed before; but the architectural sections and geometrical dissections are more or less new, and these, like the corresponding text, form the most useful part of a book which, however faulty, is at least original and stimulating. M. Gayet is

full of ideas, and, if his Copts will let him, he will do better work.

We are glad to see from their Ninth Report that the Commission for the Preservation of the Monuments of Arab Art are continuing their excellent labours with unabated zeal. Those who have visited Cairo this winter know how much the city is indebted to these pious restorers, who have arrested many a fall and mended countless breaches in its mediæval monuments. The present Report carries the account up to January of last year, when a large number of repairs were decided on, and it was arranged that special attention should be given to the mosques of the Barkûkiya, El-Muayyad, Ibn-Tûlûn, and Abû-Bekr Mazhar. An admirable feature in this, as in the preceding, Report is the introduction of illustrated historical and architectural notices of several monuments: this time the mosques of Sinjar El-Jâwaly (a fine monument, which is being taken in hand by the Commission), of Gôhar El-Lala (near the Citadel), of Kismâs El-Isbâky, and the Khânga of Beybars Gâshenkir, are well illustrated. It was a good omen that the Wekil of the Wakfs presided over the first meeting, in 1893, and that his important department is taking a fair share of the repairs of the monuments under its charge. But the Commission still suffers from an insufficient grant, and it is much to be desired that its 4,000*l.* should be raised to 6,000*l.* in the next Egyptian Budget.

#### NOVELS.

*In an Alpine Valley.* By G. Manville Fenn. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

*Eyes Like the Sea.* By Maurus Jókai. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

*This Troublesome World.* By the Authors of "The Medicine Lady." London: Edward Arnold. 1893.

*A Tragic Blunder.* By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: F. V. White & Co. 1894.

*Ishmael Pengelly.* By the Rev. Silas Hocking. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden. 1893.

*The Knobstick: a Tale of Love and Labour.* By C. Allen Clarke. Manchester and London: John Heywood. 1893.

*The Home of the Dragon: a Tongquinese Idyll.* By Anna Catharina. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

MR. MANVILLE FENN'S novel is one which we would gladly recommend to the nations if we dared—so amiable a story is it, and so unassuming. Yet truth must wring from us the confession that we have found it lamentably tedious, and of the most spectral unreality. Mr. Fenn seems to have written in order to prove that a respectable middle-aged solicitor should not (1) readily abandon his professional duties for those of a private detective, nor (2) place too much faith in an Under-Secretary of State, however noble. Barring this revelation, all we have been able to glean from his pages is that Swiss honey is made of glycerine and pear-juice; we have long suspected this, and are glad now to have it upon Mr. Fenn's authority. But to the story. Lord Desborough, like his namesake, Mr. Desborough Wiggle, was "the slave of passion." Now the Princess Lani Va, only daughter of the Rajah of Villipore, came to England, and was made much of in London society; whereupon, in his Lordship's own words, "I was introduced, and met her several times. We corresponded; and I acted like an idiotic boy. The woman took things *au sérieux*, and finally appealed to an old friend of her father's." In fact, Lord Desborough was in peril of something not unlike blackmail at the hands of the old friend in question. This was no other than Colonel John Barrow Denton, who had got hold of the entangling letters, and "has been writing me communications which are maddening," said his victim. Lucere was not, however, the Colonel's end, either for his client or himself, but what he finely, if vaguely, described as "reparation." Not being inclined to render this, Lord Desborough summoned to his aid his solicitor (whom we have frequently met before on the boards of the Adelphi), and confessed his trouble in a long and wearisome interview. When it was over Mr. Anderson had consented to leave his practice and chase Colonel Denton and the letters for 2,000*l.* and his expenses—as what respectable solicitor would not? Off he went accordingly to Switzerland, and found the Colonel (he had been driven from Brighton by the espionage of Lord Desborough) living in a remote hotel, and suffering not a little from his liver and the behaviour of his step-sister and daughter, who were flirting respectively with Mr. Frant and Mr. Deane. These persons the Colonel was disposed to think were spies sent after him by Desborough, though, in fact, their conversation stamped them rather as bagmen, and he was very rude to them in consequence. To the real spy he was more benignant, offering him sherry on a first acquaintance, and replying "Pardon granted!" affably enough when the solicitor first

accosted him, with due apologies for so doing. The latter now joined the party at their hotel, "commenced" his breakfast next day in the company of the younger men, and smiled grimly, spoke with ostentatious quietness, and muttered "bah!" on all occasions. Moreover, he quoted "Festina lente" to himself, and was generally mysterious. There was the more excuse for such conduct since he was in love with the Colonel's daughter, whom he had adored for some time at a distance. He had, therefore, not only to win the letter but the lady, to whom he felt his shortest cut must be over the body of Mr. Deane. Accordingly, on one of many mountain expeditions, he contrived to leave the latter down a crevice, nor guessed that his victim had the letters in his pocket. Mr. Deane, however, did not die; he reappeared after a decent interval and chased the solicitor; and though Mr. Anderson ran like a hare, taking pot shots at his pursuer as he fled with a neat pocket revolver, he was eventually harried over a precipice. It cannot be said that he deserved a better fate. And, indeed, had he lived, it would have been to learn that Lord Desborough had withdrawn from the bargain and married the Princess Lani Va. The Colonel, too, bestowed his female belongings upon their several adorers—and such is the story. Probably Mr. Manville Fenn knows his public.

People who read alien authors in "the blackguard travesty of a translation" are wont to be condemned severely by the erudite, and likewise—though much more severely—by one another. Yet it is, plainly, venial to be innocent of Hungarian, from which Mr. Nisbet Bain has translated the *Eyes Like the Sea* ("A Tengerszemü Hölgy") of M. Maurus Jókai. This is reputed the best of its author's 150 novels, according to the translator; and he owns himself with modest pride to an acquaintance with five and twenty. But to "decern," as the Scotch judges say, on its merits as done into English were a crime not so much of wickedness as of idiocy. Not that we would arraign Mr. Bain. His work reads like a translation certainly, and the *staccato* fashion of much of it recalls Mr. Bret Harte's parody on the "French paragraphic" novelists, and is incensing. But we had rather impeach the Tower of Babel for these, and for more serious drawbacks inevitable in the *genre*. Thus we do not get much more than a hint of how good M. Jókai is in his original. Still the suggestion is there, and is enough to place this romance—translation and all—far above the run of ordinary library fiction. If the best has evaporated, there is yet that about the heroine, as there is in the quaintness of the matter and the *naïveté* of the telling, which should bring in readers; while it is good to know, too, that fiction in Hungary has a master so hearty, so human, and so free at once from priggishness and *naturalism*. Mr. Bain's preface is admirably brief and enlightening; but he insists too much on his author's humour, which—in the text at least—has left us much in the mood of Mr. Pickwick touching Mr. Peter Magnus and his friends. Also, he has the hardihood to compare Bessy (to her advantage) with the Fair Cuban of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, which is not short of blasphemy. Never will we desert the Fair Cuban!

*This Troublesome World* is quite the sort of book you can recommend to a friend; it is of that order of novels which Mr. Thackeray only wished he could write. Possibly he might have aspired to write it better; but the thought is mere pedantry and is ungrateful to the authors of the work, who likewise indited *The Medicine Lady* in former days, says the title-page. *This Troublesome World*, then, is peopled with old friends. Before all comes the Wicked Baronet himself, tremendous as of old. He is murdered in vol. i., but not until we have trembled before his sinister mien, and shuddered at the thought of his "career," which "had been far from immaculate." His face (of course) was "pale and olive-tinted; his closely cropped hair was black; he was clean-shaven except for a sweeping moustache of raven hue." Again, "his eyes were deep-set and dark, and the somewhat shifty glance was not noticed by those people whom he chose to fascinate. When he wished he had a power over his fellow-creatures"—a power which ruined Dr. Langton, and more or less broke the heart of the hero, whose grey eyes were "sweet and beautifully formed," and his "features straight and strong, and his hair curly and abundant." Although conventional, some of the characters are by no means ill drawn; and, if the medicine ladies are only beginning their practice, they should do well some day, and have "good success here in London," as Mr. Carlyle prophesied for his physician. That they are feminine and not venerable is evident, if only from the age of the hero—sweet two and twenty—and the internal economy of the smoking-room at Clint, where "Brian produced different wines for his guest" at the end of a night's pleasure. But they "grip" their readers, particularly in the first volume, and should therefore find favour in the sight of those who go down to the country on railroads.



*This Troublesome World* would not be a bad book to be snowed up with.

A *Tragic Blunder* is a more ambitious essay than *This Troublesome World*, in that it would fain be something better than so much modern melodrama in pages, and is the work of a hand which is at least experienced. But, while she has avoided the more patent absurdities of the other, Mrs. Cameron's story is as shadowy to the full, and at the same time not nearly so entertaining. Three chapters or so in a magazine are the utmost she should have suffered it to cover; as it stands, here is a decent *conte* beaten out to its undoing over two volumes. The likeness between Rupert Carroll and his cousin Netherville is elderly, to say the least, as a *motif*; but with less to carry it might have sufficed, instead of being drowned in seas of padding and of platitudes. The butchering of the hero's wife and the heroine's fiancé to make a marriage for the two strikes us as both feeble and immoral.

Of *The Knobstick* and *Ishmael Pengelley* it is a good deal more than enough to say that neither of them has the faintest claim to be reviewed seriously. The first, "A Story of Love and Labour," has for its hero a very ill type of the Prig-as-Working-Man; it would have been inoffensively dull but for a superfluity of clap-trap and a terrible display of something which it would be mere flattery to term vulgarity. As for the tale of the Rev. Silas Hocking, it deals with love and religion in 460 odd pages, and would also have been innocuous but for a dreadful tendency to fine writing and an excess of dogma and platitudinous preaching, which almost suggests a parody on tracts. It would be easy to make ribald fun of both volumes, but criticism—even of the lightest order—recoils before such fiction.

*The Home of the Dragon* consists of an introduction and seven sketches, and the scene is laid in Annam, of which the author, who calls herself Anna Catharina (according to the mysterious trick of the Pseudonym Library), gives us a wonderfully bright and vivid picture. We like her best in "The Village" and "Aquai's Wedding," and least in "The Rendezvous"; but none of the set lack interest, while all are neatly and cleanly written.

#### REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS' LIFE, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE.

*Reminiscences of Seventy Years' Life, Travel, and Adventures, Military and Civil. Scientific and Literary.* By a Retired Officer of H.M.'s Civil Service, Fellow of the Imperial Institute; Member of the British Association, Royal Institution of Great Britain, Society of Arts, National Indian Association, and Library Association of the United Kingdom, &c. 2 vols. Vol. I. Soldiering in India. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

THAT a gentleman of decent birth and education who enlisted as a private in the British army, and afterwards left it for a post under the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, experienced some things worth telling, would astonish no one. The author, who conceals his name but gives us a bewildering list of societies and learned or social institutions of which he is a member, appears to have lost his father in youth, and he then, from sheer love of enterprise, want of a patron, and of means to purchase a commission, joined the *depôt* at Chatham of what, we apprehend, must have been one of the three regiments of English soldiers in the service of the East India Company, known as the First, Second, and Third "Europeans." His military experiences were very short, though he has contrived to make his record of other matters very long. He went out to India round the Cape in 1842, landed at Calcutta, made a tedious march "up country" by Burdwan, the Rajmahal Hills, and Bhaugulpur, to the Rose Gardens of Ghazipur; and subsequently saw life in large Cantonments at Cawnpur, Delhi, and Meerut. He was present at Ferozpur when the Army of Reserve was assembled to greet the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad. Lord Ellenborough who loved a grand *tamasha*, to use the Indian phrase applicable to these displays, could do this thing extremely well, but would have done it still better had he only said nothing like "My brothers and friends" to the chiefs and princes of India about the Gates of Somnauth. Macaulay, it should not be forgotten, compared this extraordinary Manifesto to a *Carmagnole*. The remainder of the author's adventures is soon told. We do not make out that he ever saw any service in the field, though his regiment was always ready if there was hard fighting to be done. His leisure in cantonments appears to have been spent in reading of an extensive and miscellaneous kind, and in the composition of a poem in eight cantos, entitled "The Soldier." It was published by subscription, and seems to have brought him notice, if not promotion, and probably the wherewithal to purchase his discharge. We note that when he left his regiment he actually rode all the way from Meerut to Agra, in the very

hottest month of the year, at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles a day. He was evidently anxious to join his appointment in what he terms "the clerical staff" of the Lieutenant-Governor. We take this to mean that the late Mr. Thomason appointed him to a clerkship in the Secretariat, and enabled him to spend a hot weather or two at Simla, to which the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces resorted and set the fashion of an annual migration to the hills.

Now we do not say that life in barracks in India fifty years ago, when soldiers had no punkahs, no swimming-baths, and no occupation for eight months in the year, by its sheer contrast, may not be worth comparison with Oriental soldiering at the present day. But unluckily the author's own experiences and remarks are buried beneath piles of extracts and quotations from other works on every conceivable subject, historical, social, or religious and moral. He seems to have thought it incumbent on him to give narratives of every event that ever happened near any fort, bazaar, or cantonment between Calcutta and the Sutlej and from Agra to Oudh. Scraps of history, quotations from Sir William Hunter, learned disquisitions by Sir M. Monier-Williams, Bishop Heber's Journal, Simmon's *Curiosities of Food*, modern travellers like Sir M. Grant Duff and Sir Charles Dilke, the Life of Dr. Duff, and the travels of Bholanath Chandra, are each and all pressed into service. In some cases they completely swamp the text. Occasionally the author himself "bursts into song," as he expresses it, and then indents on sundry minor poets who have written about bulbuls and palm trees, the great comet of 1843 and the Taj Mahal. On divers blunders and misstatements we do not wish to be severe. We are, however, certain that the writer could never have seen elephants "gaily caparisoned and with howdahs filled with princes" parading the E-planade of Calcutta, seeing that those animals about the beginning of this century were forbidden to come inside the Mahratta Ditch and the Circular Road except at a military funeral. It will be news to residents in Bengal that grouse and partridge may be found in the Rajmahal Hills; that December in the plains is usually hot and hazy—whereas it is the coolest and finest month in the year; that Sanskrit is still spoken over the whole extent of India; and that Government not only supports thousand of idol temples, but actually pays a particular set of men to see that Hindus who bathe in the Jumna have the proper religious mark on their foreheads; while English magistrates actually compel priests properly to wash and worship their idols. The author, we fear, must have been a receptacle of many foolish tales. His innocent twaddle about opium and his hazy impressions of Indian Revenue and rent, and proprietorship in land, need not detain any one long. In the matter of mileage between several well-known places he is somewhat inexact, and we might have been spared allusions to Augustus Cleveland who civilized and saved the hill tribes of Bhaugulpur, and the native prince whom the author imagines to have been "ruling" the populous district of Burdwan, whereas he was merely a big Zamindar with a fine revenue and a sounding title, like hundreds of other subject Rajas within our territories. But the oddest confusion in names and persons occurs at p. 530. The author not only met the Chief Justice of Bengal, the late Sir Lawrence Peel, but also "Lady Peel," who translated Burger's *Lenore*, distinguished herself in the field of science, and had a beautiful house and park, with luxuriant lawns, crystal ponds, and gigantic trees. Sir Lawrence Peel, it is true, did occupy an excellent house and park in Garden Reach, on the river bank, just four miles from the Supreme Court. But he was never married. The lady who produced an excellent translation of *Lenore*, illustrated by Maclise, more accurate than Walter Scott's and as spirited as Spencer's, was Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, the wife of Charles Hay Cameron, legal member of the Supreme Council in the Administrations of Lord Ellenborough and Lord Hardinge. This lady's admirable series of photographs, with a brief memoir recently published by Mrs. Ritchie, will enable the present generation to judge of her remarkable talent in this particular line.

We must do the author the justice to say that his descriptions of bazaar life, of the arid plains and umbrageous villages of Bengal and Behar, and of the glow and colour of Oriental assemblages, are often lively and animated. We expected somewhat more about Tommy Atkins when we opened the book, and we close it with a slight shudder at the announcement that a second volume may be looked for, devoted to the author's experiences of naval dockyards, foreign lands, the haunts and tombs of the sons and daughters of genius, great scientific expeditions, and the "Free library and other progressive movements."

## SIR W. DAWSON'S GEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.

*Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth.* By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., &c. With Forty-six Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

SIR W. DAWSON belongs to the older school of geologists—that is to say, he sets a higher value upon the breadth of view obtained by work in the field than upon the minute elaboration of details in the laboratory. Not that he is by any means neglectful of the latter; for, as he intimates, he was among the first to use the microscope in geological investigations; but he is conscious of the danger, which is becoming a very real one, of the naturalist being lost in the specialist.

Of the various subjects discussed in this volume, three may be selected as giving an idea of its wide scope. One tells the story of discoveries among the relics of forests which were growing when our coal seams were being formed. Sir W. Dawson's valuable contributions to fossil botany are well known, but in the present volume he dwells more especially on the discovery of air-breathing animals among the remains of the Carboniferous forests. More than forty years since, while waiting for a train near some collieries in Eastern Nova Scotia, he employed himself in searching a refuse heap for fossils, and was rewarded by finding the skull of a creature unlike anything with which he was familiar. This was submitted ultimately to the late Sir R. Owen, who identified the remains as amphibian, thus proving the existence of these animals at a period much earlier than hitherto had been supposed. In the same year the author accompanied Sir Charles Lyell to the South Joggins coalfield of Nova Scotia which affords unusually fine sections of the measures, exhibiting in some cases the trunks of fossil trees still standing in the position of growth. On breaking up one of these, a second skeleton was found; that proved to be a lizard-like animal, to which the hollow tree had been at once a shelter and a tomb. This, however, was not the only novelty; they also discovered a small shell, which so closely resembled the living *Pupa* that they thought it needless to distinguish the genus by another name. This was, and for long remained, far the oldest known air-breathing mollusk, though of late years it has been surpassed in antiquity by one found in rocks of Devonian age. Several other air-breathing animals which haunted those primeval forests have been discovered by careful search, and the story of this forms an interesting record of patient work. Incidentally the question of the origin of coal is discussed, and the author quietly smites those "closet naturalists" who can see in this substance nothing but seeds of a club-moss or an accumulation of minute algae.

Two essays deal with the origin and nature of *Eozoon*, and give an interesting sketch of a remarkable controversy. In some of the crystalline limestones, which occur among the most ancient rocks of Canada, lumps are found composed, partly or wholly, of thin, irregular layers of calcspar or dolomite, and of a green mineral allied to serpentine. The latter, on closer examination, seems to expand and contract slightly, and to form a kind of natural beadwork, though the resemblance is a very rude one. Investigation with the microscope shows that around each bead the calcspar is pierced by minute serpentine bristles, beyond which a system of branching canals can be sometimes detected. Naturalists already were aware that some of the more highly developed foraminifera, creatures belonging to the lowest division of the animal kingdom, occupied connected groups of cells, growing in layers and enclosed by minutely perforated walls, between which were calcareous interspaces traversed by tiny branching canals. It was also known that the dead shells of these creatures were sometimes filled up with sundry mineral products of a green colour as they lay on the sea bed. At the present day all the foraminifera are so small that one as big as a horsebean would be reckoned a giant, and most of them have a fairly regular habit of growth; but in old times they were somewhat larger, and might be expected to attain to a still greater size if they were living in days before any creatures with hard mouths or rasping tongues had made their appearance. It occurred to Sir W. Dawson, who was one of the first to examine these curious structures, that they might indicate a huge foraminifer which grew in reef-like masses, and his idea was warmly supported by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter. The supposed animal was named *Eozoon Canadense*, and a full description was published in 1865. The announcement naturally excited great interest; for, if the reference was correct, traces of life had been detected far beneath the lowest horizon on which they had been hitherto recognized, and among rocks in such a highly crystalline condition as to have lost all resemblance to ordinary sediments. As might be expected, a statement so startling excited a brisk controversy. Opponents declared that parallels to the structures named above could

be found among inorganic substances, and that *Eozoon* was nothing more than a curious mineral form, which must be content to take its place among moss-agates, landscape-marbles, dendritic growths, and the like. The advantage in the strife at first inclined to the champions of an animal origin, but of late years the tide has been setting in the opposite direction, and though Sir W. Dawson remains as firm as ever in his ancient faith, the number of his adherents has been greatly reduced. But, in whichever way the great *Eozoon* case may be ultimately decided, he need not regret his advocacy of the animal origin, for the structures are so perplexing that much may be said on either side, and the controversy has been of great value in directing the attention of geologists to a most interesting and previously much neglected class of rocks.

The great Ice Age is the third topic. Here Sir W. Dawson lifts his voice in protest against the "glacial nightmares" of certain geologists of the present day. He believes in the effect of floating ice, such as that which forms each winter on the shores of the St. Lawrence and on the coast of Labrador, far more than in the existence of Polar ice-caps and exuberant glaciers. So incredulous is he in this respect as to suggest that floating ice has transported the erratics of the Swiss lowlands from the mountains; thereby, as we think, weakening his case by attempting to prove too much. That the boulders of Alpine rocks on the flanks of the Jura were brought thither by a glacier is a question which has been thoroughly debated, and the evidence for it seems irresistible.

On most geological questions Sir W. Dawson adopts a position distinctly conservative. He dislikes the word evolution, and disputes the truth of the hypothesis; his views as to the relation of science and the Scriptures would be regarded by many as rather old-fashioned, and he appeals to a deluge as the cause of the destruction of Palæolithic man. On these topics, and on others, such as the date of the Glacial epoch, the close of which, about 8,000 years ago, he considers to be proved, his opinions will not command general assent among his fellow-workers in science; but all will admit, as we feel sure, that his contributions to geology are hardly less valuable than varied. This volume is a worthy monument of patient and indefatigable work, and it is the more remarkable when we remember that its author has laboured incessantly, not only as a teacher of geology, but also in promoting higher education in Canada. To his ceaseless industry, unswerving purpose, and rare tact, Montreal is largely indebted for the success of the McGill University, and its late Principal retires from office rich, at any rate, in the affection of many citizens of the Dominion, and of not a few friends on this side of the Atlantic. After a life which has already extended over more than seventy years, he might fairly claim the right of laying down the pen; but we venture to predict that, while health remains, it will not be idle.

## BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

*Chinese Central Asia: a Ride to Little Tibet.* By Henry Lansdell, D.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

*Letters from the Western Pacific and Mashonaland, 1873-1891.* By Hugh H. Romilly. London: David Nutt. 1893.

*Early Voyages and Travels in the Levant. The Diary of Master Thomas Dailam; The Diaries of V. John Covel.* The Hakluyt Society. 1893.

*Days Spent on a Dog's Farm.* By Margaret Symonds. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

DR. LANDELL'S volumes abound in valuable information; but they are as much history and abstract geography as travel. By abstract geography we mean that he goes far beyond the range of his personal observation. He not only refers to the works of all previous explorers, but describes the alternative routes to those he selected himself. He seems to have examined most of the available materials for writing the history of those Central Asiatic States which are nominally governed by the Chinese, or have been annexed by the Russians. He devotes various chapters to the religions of the different races, and has something to say as to each of the numerous sects, for Dissent is extremely prevalent in these parts. Consequently his work will be invaluable to future travellers. But, without seriously impairing the volume, he might have greatly reduced the bulk. Through half the first volume he covers almost the identical ground which he had traversed in former journeys; a good part of the second is devoted to vindicating his resolute persistence by telling the story of the failures of his attempts to reach Lassa. However, though Dr. Lansdell may be somewhat prolix, the whole of the personal narrative is pleasant reading; there are many illustrations, for he carried a camera and used it with great courage and audacity; there are excellent maps, and an admirable index. As for contemporary politics, so far as the Russians and their



encroachments are concerned, we must receive his reports with a certain caution. Considering their habitual jealousy of the presence of intelligent foreigners, they were too civil by half. They gave him all the introductions and recommendations he could desire. He was received with the greatest cordiality by the highest officials; he had special trains or carriages placed at his disposal; he had guards of Cossacks, and he was made at home in the Russian Consulates in Chinese territory. As he generally heard through Russian ears, it may be presumed he speaks with a Russian tongue; at all events, courtesy begets courtesy, and unstinted hospitality puts a seal on the lips. The part of the book which has the fullest freshness of interest is that which describes his adventurous journey from Kuldja to Kashgar. We believe that no Englishman has followed the same route, and some of the lofty passes are extremely formidable. He showed his independence by dispensing with interpreters, and his resolution by surmounting innumerable difficulties. Food, fuel, and water are the great troubles, but the Kalmucks were disposed to be friendly. We hear much incidentally of the Atalik Ghazi, who for a brief period ruled in Kashgar with despotic power. He was an ambitious, bloodthirsty, and unscrupulous scoundrel; but he was a statesman according to his lights, as he was a dashing yet thoughtful soldier. He had taken almost superfluous precautions in protecting his frontiers to the north, though he might have trusted their defence to the snow-drifts and glaciers. Dr. Lansdell was sometimes indebted for shelter to the outposts, built in impracticable and impregnable situations, and which are garrisoned even now by pickets of unlucky Chinese soldiers. And the Atalik is said to have actually superintended in person the building of these tiny hill forts. That, as we said, was the most romantic part of the journey; but Dr. Lansdell had anxiety and danger enough in forcing his way across the mountains from Yarkand to Ladakh, and he made some interesting digressions towards the ranges and deserts to the west. He has much to say that is amusing or instructive about the manners of the Chinese and the Kalmucks; about their administration, their strange ceremonials, their prisons, their cruel punishments, and their social habits.

Mr. Romilly's *Letters* are melancholy reading, because they are so full of life, and fun, and spirit. Nothing can be more free or unconventional than the style; and it is sad to think that the writer was cut off prematurely. Though ready to look at everything on the humorous side, he nevertheless took his embarrassing duties seriously and conscientiously; and, had he lived, would probably have risen to high distinction. Young as he was, he had seen much, and gone through a great deal of hardship and peril. He sailed for the South Seas in the suite of Lord Stanmore—then Sir Arthur Gordon—who writes the introduction to the volume. He gives droll descriptions of peregrinations, by sea and on shore, among the savage islanders; of the embarrassing attentions he received, and of the solemn festivities at which he was entertained. It was part of his official duty to partake of all the dishes and gorge to repletion; but sometimes circumstances and the viands were too much for him, and he was forced to make a bolt, at the risk of his reputation. He gives ludicrous accounts of the costumes of the Christianized ladies who went abroad in gaudy silk attire, but dispensed with sundry important garments. He had no great opinion of the missionaries, who ran general stores as trading monopolists, and sold European goods to their parishioners at their own prices. He gives one example of their intolerant Pharisaism, when a promising proselyte was formally excommunicated because Mr. Romilly had told him a story on the Sabbath. He made himself exceedingly unpopular with the Queensland squatters by the side he took officially on the burning question of so-called "free labour." Among many similar stories, he tells of squatters who, when out "kangarooing," "flushed a young gin and ran into her." And he was strongly of opinion that it would be a crime and political mistake to let Queensland have anything to say to the government of New Guinea. In New Guinea he made a somewhat protracted sojourn; he was subsequently Consul in the New Hebrides, though without a habitation or regular credentials, and the last of the letters are written from Mashonaland. Though "hard as nails," and boasting of his iron constitution, his health finally succumbed to exposure and privations, and residence in some of the most unhealthy climates in the world. But it is characteristic of the man that once he wrote to his brother, "It is very easy for doctors to say you must invalidate. If I invalidate, there is no one to do my work, and it seems to me I am bound to stick to it as long as I can."

The last publication of the Hakluyt Society is well deserving of a long notice. It gives a most interesting description of the Mediterranean navigation in the seventeenth century, of the Algerine and Turkish corsairs, of the semi-barbaric Court of the Grand Seigneur, and of its relations with the Levant Company.

Those Turkey merchants, with their monopoly and the envoys they appointed, very much resembled in their time the great East India Company. They were practically independent, so far as England was concerned; but, as they were only tolerated by a formidable military Power, they had no opportunities of territorial aggrandizement. Master Thomas Dallam went to Constantinople in charge of a complicated organ, the gift of Queen Elizabeth to the Sultan. In quaint language he relates the perilous voyage and his impressions of the splendour and terrors of Constantinople. In putting the organ together he saw something of the inner secrets of the Seraglio. He was in an awkward dilemma when the instrument was to be tried. For he was told that, under pain of immediate death, he must not turn his back to the majesty of the Sultan; yet he could not touch the keys without compromising himself. A high official good-naturedly reassured him, and the Sultan condescended to smile. More than that, although he had been warned that he could expect no reward, the Sultan graciously presented him with a handful of sequins. So far so well; but when the ship which had brought him was to sail, the autocratic Grand Turk declined to part with him. The Sultan said, very reasonably, that the organ would be useless unless the man who understood the mechanism remained. So Master Dallam continued there as an involuntary guest; but we are glad to know the sojourn was not indefinitely protracted, and he had no reason to regret the delay. As for Dr. Covel, he was a divine of learning and culture. He went to the Bosphorus as chaplain to the Legation in 1670, and remained there for nine years. He is always tedious, but often entertaining, and he made wonderfully accurate geographical observations. He narrates with much gusto and minuteness the many ceremonies he witnessed, at the Court and in society; he sketches characters with considerable humour and shrewdness, and, in brief, he conveys realistic impressions of Oriental manners and customs at that time. Some of his own adventures were sufficiently exciting. On the outward voyage, with other passengers and sailors, he landed on a rugged isle off the Peloponnese. They met a fair-spoken old rascal who played the decoy duck; the upshot was that three sailors were carried off by brigands, and the rest of the party had a narrow escape. The Captain, being bound by his charter-party, had to leave the men behind; they were sold by these Greek Christians to the Turkish pirates, and chained to the oar, though ultimately they were traced out and ransomed. Had the worthy Doctor shared their fate, it would have changed the course of his quaint journals and supplied him with still more sensational material.

Miss Symonds makes an imposing volume out of her subject. The *Doge's Farm* lies in the fertile district between the Euganean Hills and the Adriatic, where the amphibious Venetian patricians of the *libro d'oro* had their rural domains. Her hostess was an English lady, married to the descendant of the Pisanis; who came there forty years ago, and undertook a course of reforms. The lady was intelligent, benevolent, and masterful, and ruled farm-servants and tenants with a rod of iron. Miss Symonds's style is bright, and we fancy she might be happy anywhere; but we cannot say she leaves agreeable impressions of the life. The farm or Italian manor-house, with its vast appendages, was dull within and without. Affairs were conducted with punctilious regularity, but in perpetual turmoil; and the priestly major-domo was bumptious and saturnine. The summers are almost tropical, the winters are severe; and we may fairly assume that the climate is depressing. For, though Miss Symonds makes the best of matters, she is bound to own that the country folks, save in the gleaming time, always look strangely dismal. But for those who can be content with fine scenery and fine sunsets, or who are curious in the breeding of magnificent but indolent steers, the Gromboldia is not without its attractions; and from the farm it was an easy pilgrimage to the tomb of the immortal Petrarch.

#### BOOKS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

- University Extension Manuals—Jacobean Poets.* By Edmund Gosse. London: Murray.  
*Le Morte D'Arthur.* By Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Vol. I. London: Dent & Co.  
*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.* Edited by Rev. A. R. Shilleto. With Introduction by A. H. Bullen. 3 vols. London: George Bell & Son.  
*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.* By Charles Lamb. Edited by Israel Gollancz. 2 vols. London: Dent.  
*Francis Bacon, the Author of Shakespeare.* By George James. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THERE are different opinions about the advantages and dangers of what is called the University Extension movement. But it is an accomplished fact; and, like other accomplished facts, it has to be "made the betht, not the worth of." And, on the whole,

the very considerable range between this best and worst is even more under the control of the manual-writer than of the lecturer. It will depend upon the former even more than upon the latter whether what the student is furnished with is a sketch—necessarily not complete or solid, but firm and accurate as far as it goes—of the leading facts and the soundest critical views of his subject; or whether he is put off with an indigestible mass of ill-selected data on the one hand, or a windy bagful of empty generalizations and rhetorical flourishes on the other.

On the whole, and without committing ourselves to any opinion on the general excellence of the system, we can speak extremely well of the handbook which Mr. Gosse has compiled for use in a certain plot of the ground. This plot is well selected and limited with judgment. The poets of the first quarter of the seventeenth century in England include divers mighty names, and produced a vast volume of work, some supreme, much admirable, much, of course, tolerable, indifferent, or bad. A man will not acquire a really thorough working knowledge of them without many years' reading. But when he has acquired that knowledge, it will not be absolutely impossible for him to communicate the most general results of it in a stimulating and helpful form to others by means of a volume of a couple of hundred pages. Now, we have seen not a few themes and subjects handled in books of this kind where such a result was practically impossible. And Mr. Gosse has availed himself of his two hundred pages and possibilities so as to make them really good gifts. He has indulged very little in rhetorical generalities, he has given plenty of dates, plenty (in proportion to his space) of biographical facts, an abundant catalogue of works which never degenerates into a mere list, and occasional specimens or test passages which are always well selected. Further, he has done what the compiler of such books is more especially bound to do—he has indicated by reference and quotation those authors who have previously treated parts or the whole of his subject, so that the virtuously inclined University Extensionist may not only extend, but check and control, his knowledge of fact and his stock of opinion as his inclinations, his time, and his means will serve. In short, Mr. Gosse has, it seems to us, "done what a owt to ha' done," and very wisely and steadily refrained from doing what a owt not. In such a book so treated there should be very little room for criticism of criticism, and there is very little room here. We may be disposed to think that Mr. Gosse has a little followed the recent multitude to depreciate Massinger; that he is a little unjust to the original and germinal qualities of the rather fluent and ungirt muses of Browne and Wither; that when saying that "no one in English except Barnabe Barnes was so Gallic as Drummond," he should also have excepted that curious anomaly, the author of *Zephiria*, who was soaked in the *Pléiade*; and that he sometimes pays too much attention to the very treacherous attempts of Mr. Fleay and others to identify and fix the unfixable and unidentifiable. But these are matters sometimes of small import, sometimes of fair critical difference; while, as for the last respect, the Extensionists are, we believe, supposed to acquaint themselves with these vagaries of a certain school of modern criticism. So that it would have been wrong of him to neglect this part of the subject, and wicked to sow the seeds of a horrid Pyrrhonism among the tender bantlings that crouch under the wings of the Extended Muse.

The first volume of Messrs. Dent's edition of Malory's immortal book, introduced by Professor Rhys, printed in a comely quarto, with spelling slightly modernized, but no other interference, abundantly illustrated in a very original fashion by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and handsomely bound, is a very desirable tome. As for the text, we need say little. We do not know that we need say anything but this—that there is no book in English the reader whereof for the first time we envy so much, especially if that reader be between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, as this same *Morte Darthur*; and that there is no book the reading of which, especially at that age, is more likely to sow the seeds of noble and high thought, of exquisite and unvulgar taste. We cannot imagine a fool, or a brute, or a cad liking the *Morte Darthur*; and, though it is quite possible that some who are none of the three may not like it (as, for instance, the most excellent Roger Ascham, rest his soul! did not like it at all), it is their loss, their very great loss, and it shows other defects in them, though haply none so fatal as these three. So much for the text. Professor Rhys's introduction is, of course, competent and good. As for Mr. Beardsley's illustrations, they deserve the praise of being full of originality, vigour almost invariably, very frequently of charm as well. By combining Japanese and mediæval handling, and by mixing with both a good deal that is neither, Mr. Beardsley has arrived at a style which is, no doubt, extremely mannered, but which is often

very attractive. For *lettrines*, chapter-headings, colophons, front pages, and the like, it is suited most admirably, though here and there it becomes a little *Struwelpetery*. In the large figure-plates, which are designed to be definitely illustrative as well as indefinitely decorative, it is not quite so invariably successful, though its failures are, perhaps, fewer than its successes.

Another old friend, which never can be old in any but the good sense to fit readers, reappears in the new and very handsome edition of *Burton's Anatomy* which has been issued by Messrs. Bell in one of those plain, but comely, cloth covers from the design of Mr. Gleeson White, which this firm have recently adopted. And here, again, to say much about the text would be superfluous, if not impertinent. Burton appeals to moods very different from those to which Malory is congenial, and it may be that there are those who like the one and do not greatly care for the other. How goodly is their portion who delight in both! This present edition, however, is something more than a new, a very comely, and, on the whole (though we would two of the three volumes, at least, were a little lighter), an excellently *usable* re-issue. Mr. Shilleto, who undertook the editing, has done not a little towards the great, and hitherto unattempted, achievement of a real edition of the *Anatomy*. That he has sometimes, in his notes, translated the quotations of the original is not, we think, a novelty; and, whether it is or not, we are not particularly grateful for it. People who have not the tongues are unworthy to read Burton; or, at best, should be left to make a shift with his own not infrequent paraphrases. Mr. Shilleto has not attempted any general annotation, though he has indulged in it now and then in a slightly capricious manner. Nor has he undertaken the great labour of collating the various editions of the book during the author's lifetime, and pointing out his successive additions and alterations. But what he has done, with a great deal of pains and with no small success, is to trace the origin, and give the exact references, of Burton's innumerable, multifarious, and often very loosely indicated (if indicated at all) quotations. This is a real assistance, and must have involved very considerable labour. As Mr. Shilleto had the misfortune to fall ill just as his labours were a-completing, Mr. A. H. Bullen kindly came to his assistance, and furnished the book with an introduction, very pleasant to read, full of its author's knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the time, and duly stored with the not very full treasure of our knowledge about Burton himself. The scantiness of which knowledge, as is well known, hath encouraged the sect of Shaconatics to attribute to their idol not merely the plays of Shakespeare and the essays of Montaigne, and a few other little tiny kickshaws, but also the *Anatomy* itself.

It may be considered as odd that, notwithstanding the increasing enthusiasm which has been for many years bestowed upon the critical remarks in Lamb's *Specimens*, no one has thought fit to reprint these and his extracts from the Garrick plays in a careful and scholarly fashion. Nay, in some, if not in all, editions of Lamb the comments are torn remorselessly away from the text to which they belong, and are thus, in some places at least, only half intelligible. It was a good thought of Messrs. Dent to include a reprint of this book (which forms such a handbook to the most original and peculiar, as well as one of the most charming, divisions of English literature as nowhere else exists) in the prettiest of their various series. Moreover, the "Temple Library" is more especially bound to represent Lamb. They have found in Mr. Gollancz an erudite and enthusiastic editor who has added little, and that chiefly second-hand criticism, but who has not shrunk from the very considerable labour of thoroughly overhauling the text of the *Specimens*. This labour, we say, was very considerable, and the greatest contemner of critical texts cannot say that it was superfluous; while the task of identifying the "Fragments," which Lamb also gave, was distinctly a laudable one. We are not so sure that we see the necessity of rearranging the whole, as Mr. Gollancz has done, in chronological order. There is no particular harm in it, but it substitutes a touch of pedantry for the "careless order" of Lamb's garden. Nothing similar can be said of Mr. Gollancz's labours on the text, which, in some of the old editions—indeed, in the majority of them—is in the most corrupt condition possible, in such a condition as to be not infrequently unintelligible except by a good deal of correction. Mr. Gollancz, as in the case of *Pearl* and other things, has proved himself a capable and unobtrusive editor, and the book is an extremely satisfactory one in almost all respects.

Mr. George James's "firm belief is that in fifty years the opinion that Shakespeare wrote the plays will be as obsolete as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy." For our parts we never prophesy. But we can say one thing—that if the men of 1944 believe in Shacon on anything like the same grounds on which



Mr. James bases his belief, logic will have gone the way of the Ptolemaic system and the reputation of the "Stratford." We may, perhaps, be excused from giving any further example of Mr. James's arguments (which we have read over patiently) when we have cited his last—his, as he says, "conclusive and irrefutable" plea. The historical plays "use the actual words or paraphrase whole passages" of Holinshed. So does the *History of Henry VII.* Therefore, the author of the *History of Henry the Seventh* was the author of the plays. It is surely unnecessary to make much comment on this, to illustrate it by parallels, or to point out with laborious argument the hopeless and monstrous fallacy which pervades it. But we may very politely assure Mr. James that, so long as he and his fellows rely upon arguments like these, they can never expect even a hearing on what they think the merits from any one who understands what argument means. It is idle to demand attention to a complicated process in the higher mathematics when you produce as an evidence of your proficiency in simple arithmetic the statement that two and two make five; and it is as idle to embark on the most hazardous and adventurous of all questions of literary origins, flourishing as "irrefutable and conclusive" the axiom that if in two writers of the same date, when they deal with historical subjects, there are to be discovered apparent or even real citations of the most popular historian of the time in history, these two are one. Better have the courage of your delusion, and say at once that Bacon wrote Holinshed himself.

We can give but shorter notice to some other books which, perhaps, intrinsically deserve it a good deal better than this "lune" of Mr. James's. Among them we have a neat edition (Walter Scott), very well introduced by Mr. John Buchan, of the *Essays and Apophthegms* of Bacon himself, of that great and unfortunate man whose worst misfortune and most complete atonement for his weaknesses on earth is to be found in the frantic folly of those who now take his name in vain. We have also an edition by Mr. A. W. Verity of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Cambridge University Press), no doubt a work redolent of Bacon's manner. It is the first time, if we mistake not, that the Pitt Press has embarked on "the sea which is Shakespeare," and it did not ill in choosing Mr. Verity for pilot. His introduction and notes are careful and good, his prosody abides by the sound old ways, and does not stray into newfangled and probably short-lived tracks of beats and accents and stresses; his glossary is singularly satisfactory, and we have hardly to except against anything, save the omission to draw attention, not by "gush," but by a few well-chosen critical sentences, to the unsurpassed romantic perfection of the piece. Indeed, such a phrase as "it is not instinct with serious import and deep thought" may be misread by the young. Certainly *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not serious as a Little Bethel sermon is, nor deep with the depth of a Browning Society criticism. But it is as serious as moonlight, and as deep as the fairy wells down which you plunge to another world. And that is enough for us.

We must end by noting some German monographs, each of considerable merit and interest in its own subject. Two, *Chaucer and the Romance of the Rose* and the beginning of a study on *Old English Versification*, are by Herr Max Kaluza. A third, by Herr Gregor Sarrazin, is on Kyd, the least known but not the least gifted of the Marlowe group. All are published in Berlin by Herr Emil Felber and in London by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. From the same publishers and agents we have also a capital edition in two vols., by Dr. Arnold Schröder, of *Percy's Reliques*, with the variants of all the original editions, and other matter.

#### NEW CHESS BOOKS.

*The Principles of Chess in Theory and Practice.* By James Mason. London: Horace Cox. 1894.

*Examples of Chess Master-Play.* By C. T. Blanshard. (Second Series.) London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1893.

THE value of Mr. Mason's compact little book on *The Principles of Chess* is derived largely from his discussion of the physiological aspects of the game, or, in other words, of the faculties and qualities of a good chess-player. His observations on points of this kind, and his "maxims" of attack and defence, are both well considered and acute. No one has made so much before as he contrives to make out of the particular qualities and incidents of play which he denotes as restraint, obstruction, resistance, compromise, and judgment. The chapter on combination, with its fifty illustrative positions from actual games of the past twelve or fourteen years, is eminently instructive, and could not fail to improve the style of any one who will be at the pains to examine the positions for himself. The same thing may be said of the complete games which follow, with their sound

and clear annotation. Mr. Mason has included some games of his own—one of them from a "quintagonal tournament," whatever that may mean; and he seems to be quite as ready to point a moral from encounters in which he has lost as from those in which he had the best of it. In an appendix he gives some support to the bold suggestion for the abolition of check, though he does not go so far as to recommend the innovation in a very serious spirit. On the whole, this is a work of exceptional merit, quite worthy of the author's reputation as the most methodical and one of the most brilliant of contemporary chess-masters.

Mr. Blanshard's first series of *Examples of Chess Master-Play* was a translation from the German of the late Jean Dufresne. The new volume is made up of games played within the last three years, and there is not much fault to be found with the selection and arrangement. An old-fashioned chess-reader—there are many readers of chess in these days who rarely touch the board and men—might have preferred a larger number of gambits amongst the openings; but the proportion observed by Mr. Blanshard probably corresponds closely enough with that which obtains in actual play. The masters are growing too cautious and conventional to gamble very much in tournaments or matches. There are few of these games which have not already been printed; but that is not the fault of the compiler, who reminds us that a game worth preserving is likely to find its way into print at once, and to be quoted repeatedly. At any rate, it is convenient to have many of the best recent games brought together in a handy volume, clearly printed, and practically free from mistakes.

#### PUBLIC HEALTH.

*Methods of Practical Hygiene.* By Professor K. B. Lehmann. Translated by W. Crookes, F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

IT is occasionally the lot of the genial to find themselves praising, as a deliberate performance of the writer, an element accidentally present in his work. Much more commonly it is a terrible temptation to the captious to find fault with him for not having done what he has never tried to do. And in either connexion a prefatory statement is valuable. Professor Lehmann, in a general introduction to his manual of hygiene, defines his objects, and we may say at once that he has carried them out with exemplary completeness, and a strictness that is no less commendable when exercised upon a subject offering so many opportunities for discursiveness as public health. He has desired to furnish the beginner in the field of hygienic research with a guide to the best methods of investigation, keeping also in view the requirements of the physician (both as a private practitioner and as a medical officer of health), of the chemist, of the apothecary, of the lawyer, and of the teacher of the natural sciences. And with all these persons he proposes to discuss only one side of the various topics that present themselves. "Is it healthy?" is the only question that he will answer. His care for the lawyer does not seduce him into consideration of Acts for the State regulation of public sanitation; the physician is spared medical theorizing; the chemist escapes discussion of biological problems. From which it will be seen that the programme of the book is at the same time wide and limited in its scope, and this must be pointed out, for it satisfactorily accounts for the author's seemingly curious choice of matter. The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with general procedure in chemico-physical investigation, and the second with its application, as well as the application of special methods of research, to the various circumstances of our environment. It is in the first part that we should be constantly tempted to reproach the author for having gone either too far or not far enough, did we not perceive that he has exactly written to the limits within which he proposed to keep himself. The descriptions of the usual things—the balance, the nonius, the microscope, the spectroscope, the barometer, and the thermometer—will be useful to the beginner in hygienic research, while an excellent essay upon bacteriological "methodics" (the translator's unpleasing word), requiring an intimate and practical acquaintance with advanced chemistry for its comprehension, may be supposed to have been written for the benefit of the teacher of physical science. Thus an apparently justifiable charge that the book has been written for nobody in particular, being necessarily either too elementary or too profound, falls to the ground; for, though the same individual cannot possibly appreciate a conspectus of the Schizomycetes—a sort of bacillary *Almanach de Gotha*—and instruction in the meaning of the centigrade scale, Professor Lehmann has not asked him to. The second part of the work is a manual of the procedure in inquiries into the condition of soil, air, water, food, clothing, and dwellings. The

information is very complete in a modest space, this fortunate combination of virtues having been gained by the rigid omission of all controversy. The sections dealing with meat and milk deserve particular comment, so full are they of useful matter neatly put. Milk, as the staple food of sensitive childhood, the favourite vehicle for the ingestion of many microbes, and the subject of more than one-half of the prosecutions under the Adulteration Acts, has always great interest for the hygienist. Professor Lehmann dismisses as absolutely untrustworthy all optical attempts at testing the purity of milk, and doubts the results given by the ordinary lactoscope and cremometer. He gives a table of the fluctuations to which milk is subject, showing that the normal quantity of water may vary from 83 to 90 parts in 100, and that the amounts of fat, sugar, and albumen have a proportionate range. This table is very interesting taken in connexion with a recent action, when a dairyman was exonerated from the crime of watering his milk by proving that his cows yielded it in its dilute condition. Meat Professor Lehmann divides into four classes—(1) sound meat which is appetizing; (2) sound meat which is not appetizing; (3) unsound meat not necessarily dangerous to man; and (4) meat which is injurious to man. As the flesh of animals suffering from more than one local disease finds a place in his first class of appetizing meat, it will be seen that he is aware of the value of some sorts of ignorance. What is disgusting is not necessarily unhealthy, and the only possible objection to be urged against much excellent food is that the repulsion excited by it prevents its proper assimilation. But this difficulty, as the author points out, is removed by keeping the feeder in ignorance of what he is eating. Then follows a disquisition upon sausages.

Professor Lehmann has written a very good book, and Professor Crookes, whose name gives the work an effective introduction to those who have never heard of the author, has produced a clear and readable translation. The condition of her public health is nowadays a nation's most important question. Especially is this the case in England. Easy and cheap methods of communication with the virgin soils of the East and West have rendered agriculture in an unprotected country a poor, or at all events a limited game, and as a result our cities have become overcrowded with a population striving to win a livelihood from the crafts. Upon this overcrowding follow all the evils that hygiene is designed to combat, giving to matters of sanitation a position of urgent importance. Fortunately circumstances have conspired to allow this importance to be very generally recognized. The champions of the cause of hygiene are a mixed lot, and some of them are doubtless actuated by mixed motives; but they are numerous and, as a whole, powerful. They comprise all practical philanthropists, most large owners of house property, and some of our greatest scientists, proud of the enormous advances made of late in the study of preventive medicine. They comprise also the municipal authorities of many towns, and a fair sprinkling of demagogues, whose promises to their impressionable constituents have a value, though dictated by interest. And behind these lies a mass with little individual influence and no loud tongues, but with the power of their numbers, to whom hygiene is rapidly becoming a substitute for religion. Education of a sort has enabled them to pick holes in all transcendental creeds, even if it has not furnished them with the instructed tolerance and learned humility that are the outcome of a true education. These persons, while rejecting Genesis, desire to preserve a high moral code, for motives—as they will anxiously explain—of pure expediency, and they see in an enlightened system of hygiene the means to their end. It is with no desire to check their noble rage, but only with the wish to render tribute where tribute is due, that we remind them that the author of the Mosaic books was an admirable sanitarian, and that Jewish philosophers considered ablution to spell very nearly absolution.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

- Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui.* Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.  
*Six mois de paix armée.* Par E. Waldteufel. Paris: Grasilier.  
*Erreurs de Léon XIII.* Par Charles Charpillat. Paris: Grasilier.  
*La politique de Léon XIII et les intérêts catholiques.* Par J... de B..... Paris: Grasilier.  
*Lettre à un évêque.* Par un Catholique. Paris: Grasilier.  
*Le crime social.* Par Maurice Zablet. Paris: Perrin.  
*La nation canadienne.* Par Ch. Gailly de Taurines. Paris: Plon.

THE excellent faculty, both of writing and of observation, which M. René Bazin has displayed, not merely in his novels, but in two previous books of Italian travel-sketches, *A l'aventure* and *Sicile*, disposed us to expect something good in *Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui*. But we were not quite prepared for the goodness of one part of it. It begins a little after the fashion

of the title of one of the author's earlier books, "*à l'aventure*"; and, though the brief sketch of Sienna and its decaying University is excellent, the general merit of these opening chapters does not send the critical thermometer much higher than "very readable." The earlier chapters on Rome contain a capital account of the great building boom and smash under the effects of which the Eternal City is still suffering; but that is an old story, and a sad one, and a rather ignoble. The final chapters on Naples and the extreme "toe of the boot," with their picture of bergamot-culture at Reggio, is better than either of these, but still chiefly sketchy. The central, the largest, and incomparably the best part of the book, on the other hand, is occupied with an account of the present state of the Campagna, of the *Agro Romano*, which, for a combination of thoroughness and the picturesque, surpasses anything of the kind that we have recently read. M. Bazin did his Campagna thoroughly, riding east and west, and south and north, like Persena's own messengers. He examined this strangest and most uncanny of European districts, with its unequalled memories of old civilization, its strange present barbarism, and its stranger curse of disease which has brought this barbarism about, with the zeal of a youthful Parliamentary commissioner, and the brains and discretion which, we regret to say, a youthful Parliamentary commissioner too rarely shows. We detect in M. Bazin a little—a very little—touch of that sentimentalism for the labourer and the tenant which is fashionable nowadays in all countries; but it is very little, and his criticism on the attempt to make men flourish and acres smile by Act of Parliament on which the Italian Government, like others, has engaged, shows him as a sympathizing but a perfectly rational, and therefore a perfectly pitiless, critic. We should imagine that M. Bazin is not otherwise than a *bien-pensant* as regards the Pope; and he evidently longs, with an ardent French patriotism, for a change of feelings between France and Italy. On this latter point much were to be said; but it would be false heraldry and worse taste to clap any political argument on M. Bazin's urbane and, as far as may be, neutral handling. Let us thank him for a prose picture of the Campagna which will take its place in our minds beside Mr. Browning's memorable poem (with all the difference that prose ought to show, and none that it ought not), and for a bundle of minor sketches which would probably have struck us as remarkable beyond the average if they had not been accompanied, and to some extent dwarfed, by such a "gallery-piece" as this.

Urbanity and neutrality are not the charges that any one need bring against M. Waldteufel. It would be unfair, as it would be superfluous, to bring against a collection of newspaper articles (which M. Waldteufel frankly admits this is) any charges of a different character, and we shall content ourselves with giving the key-note of his work as regards ourselves. M. Waldteufel, as his intensely French name makes us anticipate, was one of those whom the embracings of Toulon did most intoxicate, and he indulged on that occasion in these remarks to the address of the perpetual and perfidious enemy:—

"Si le spectacle de la Triple-Alliance, pendant les "fêtes de la paix," est d'agitation fiévreuse, celui du caméléon britannique, reflétant, en ce peu de jours, toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel, offre également un bien curieux sujet d'étude. On n'avait, de longtemps, vu l'âme anglaise en proie à d'aussi cruelles convulsions. L'Italie s'agitait pour donner à la venue de l'escadre Seymour, dans les eaux de Tarente, le caractère d'une contre-démonstration; Albion cependant se souciait médiocrement d'embrasser ouvertement l'Italie, son jeu traditionnel étant d'exploiter les événements et non jamais de s'en constituer l'éditeur responsable. Si la Russie est aigle et vautour l'Allemagne, si l'Italie est faucon et pigeon la France, si l'Autriche est buse et corneilles certaines petites puissances, l'Angleterre, elle, est hibou. Son vol ne se plaint que dans les ténèbres. Je ne suis même pas très certain qu'elle ait des ailes; ou, si elle en a, c'est tout au plus celles de la chauve-souris. L'ombre est son royaume, elle rase la terre et happe les insectes; sa peau est visqueuse, aphone son gosier." Puisque la fantaisie de mon crayon m'a conduit aux oiseaux, si je ne l'avais déjà prise pour hibou et pour chauve-souris, je dirais que l'Angleterre est un vilain merle."

For, as Mr. J. E. C. Bodley knows, the French people loves England.

It was inevitable that the strange policy of the present Pope in allying himself with the foes and discouraging the friends of religion in France should attract some lively remonstrances. We have given above the titles of a handful of them which are by no means unworthy the attention of those who interest themselves in French politics. Naturally we do not endorse all the writers' arguments; nor can we say that they have always made the best of those which we do endorse. But the opponents of Leo XIII., when they take up the ground that a Secularist Republic can



never be anything else than a dangerous ally to a Catholic Church, take up ground which is absolutely impregnable by argument, and are certain to be justified as time goes on by fact.

M. Maurice Zablet appears to be a Christian Socialist, with a particular horror of law and lawyers, who appeals from "the nominal Republic that we have" to the real Republic of his dreams; thinks he believes in the teaching of Christ and the philosophy of Aquinas, and is—what any competent person may guess from the syntheses of these expressions and opinions.

M. Gailly de Taurines has written his book on "the Canadian Nation" (which means the French inhabitants of the province of Quebec) in a kindly spirit to England. We must decrease, of course; but we have not been bad people. Meanwhile, the Canadian nation will play in united America the civilizing rôle which France has played in Europe. It would be interesting to see an American, say, our friend Mr. Brander Matthews, reading this. *Une tête! mais une tête!*

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AS the work of a pious Wordsworthian, Mr. William Macneile Dixon's *English Poetry from Blake to Browning* (Methuen & Co.) moves us with the languid dissent and amused protest that are inevitably provoked by the sectarian attitude of latter-day Wordsworthians and their parochial conception of poetry. But Mr. Dixon's book possesses another kind of interest. It attempts to determine the value of poetry by a kind of inflexible standard gauge, a species of moral two-foot rule of Wordsworthian principles. A practical age, Mr. Dixon observes, desires to know of what advantage is the study of poetry. "What is the use of Poetry?"—that is the question. Mr. Dixon then reverts to that antique, grey-headed notion of Plato, who shut the gates of his Republic on the poets, and declares that there would be no occasion to apologize for poetry if it could be shown that the greatest poetry is useful to mankind—is, in fact, "useful to States and to human life," to employ Platonic terms. The poets, it would seem, are to be judged just as young preachers are judged in the conventicle, when heard on probation from the pulpit. You must sit under your poet, and feel he is doing you good, or away with him to the limbo of vanities. With this thesis to sustain, it is not surprising that Mr. Dixon finds Shelley disappointing, and Byron a minor poet; while it is natural that he should magnify the preacher and teacher—and, let us add, the prosier and the pedagogue—in Wordsworth, and be in all ways a devotee of the strange superstition that before Wordsworth there was the Augustan desert, when imagination was not. For want of "serious aim" Mr. Dixon would place Byron in the second rank of poets, as if great poetry was the product of serious aims. This priggish view, perhaps, is proper to a critic whose first inquiry concerning a poet is "What is the value of his work for life?" Emerson—a prig of the first water—betrays the same narrowness of soul when he says, "Only that is poetry which cleanses and mans me." This solemn exaltation of seriousness of aim in the poet is the shibboleth of Anti-Poet. It reminds us of the cant of motives that flourishes now in our midst. Just as a man with the most beautiful motives conceivable may perpetrate the grossest mischief, and even commit atrocious crimes, so may a poet with a serious aim produce the proudest drivel. No poet has proclaimed his serious aim in such pompous tones as Wordsworth, in the preface to that monument of dulness the *Excursion* and in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. What serious aim is there to be discovered in *The Eve of St. Agnes*, one of the few flawless poems in modern English? *Paradise Lost* is not a great poem because of the serious aim announced in the opening verses. Probably even Mr. Dixon would admit that Milton could have written a great epic on Arthur without any didactic Wordsworthian aim of permanently enriching English literature and fortifying the national virtue. Matthew Arnold's unhappy definition of poetry as a "criticism of life" is largely responsible for the sickly fanaticism of Wordsworthian bards and critics. Hence, we cannot doubt the position assigned to Coleridge by Mr. Dixon—an acolyte attending upon High Priest Wordsworth. Hence, too, Mr. Dixon's distressed mind concerning the "limitations" of Shelley and of Byron. Our modern "Lakers" are incorrigible. They will never exchange their lakes for ocean.

In the making of books there have been few odder enterprises than that set forth in Mr. H. C. Bunner's *Made in France* (Fisher Unwin), a collection of "French Tales re-told with a United States twist." "No foreign author of our day," remarks Mr. Bunner, "has suffered more at the hands of his translators than M. Guy de Maupassant." Those who have suffered from the misdeeds of these translators will not dispute this statement. So Mr. Bunner declines to translate Maupassant, yet devises a new

instrument of torture—to wit, the American twist. He has put Maupassant into American dress, trusting that the twist will reveal to those who cannot or will not read the original "a better glimpse of the best fancies of M. Guy de Maupassant than can be got through the misleading mechanism of a literal translation." We cannot pretend to forecast the result, the conditions of the problem being hard to realize, but the effect on us of Mr. Bunner's curious experiment is something nightmarish.

Among foreign writers of fiction few may be said to tempt the translator more keenly than Henryk Sienkiewicz, a story-teller of decided originality, whose command of both humour and pathos is remarkable. Five of the short stories of the Polish master—for a master Sienkiewicz undoubtedly is in the art of the short story—are translated by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin in the little volume entitled *Yanko the Musician* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), illustrated with pretty vignettes and tail-pieces by Mr. Edmund Garrett. All five examples are good, if not equally striking. Several of the stories illustrate with dramatic force the racial antagonism of Teuton and Slav, as in the touching sketch of "The Diary of a Tutor in Poznam." In "Yanko" and "The Lighthouse-keeper of Aspinall" we have well-contrasted studies of the artistic temperament so common among the Poles. We do not know whether Mr. Curtin has introduced the American "twist" in his version "A Comedy of Errors"—"All's Well that Ends Well" were a better title—but here, too, we have an amusing story based on the antipathies of Pole and German, with no loss of spirit through change of scene to a Californian settlement. "Bartek the Victor" is a masterpiece. Bartek, the hero, is a Polish peasant, endowed with all the virtues ascribed to primitive, untutored man by certain philosophers. At the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870-71 he is drafted into a Polish regiment, and dispatched to the frontier. On the road his latent imagination is gradually aroused, until he is tormented by hideous apprehensions, though when it comes to actual conflict with the enemy he displays heroism of the highest order. He has a notion that a Frenchman is only another, and somewhat worse, species of German, and this conviction gives rise to some amusing and ironical situations. For example, having greatly distinguished himself at Gravelotte, he is decorated and promoted on the field, and asked if he knows why he is fighting against the French. He replies, "Because they are Germans too—only worse, the carrion!" When he discovers that there are Poles fighting on the other side, he is placed in piteous plight, and, having to guard two Polish prisoners, his agonized struggle between patriotism and duty is suggested with admirable effect. But the whole story of the gallant Pole's adventures, with its subtle interchanges of humour and pathos, is full of charm and delight.

Something of a revived interest in the writings of William Hazlitt appears to have set in, of which Mr. Saintsbury's judicious essay was a sign, if not symptom and incentive. Only the other day we noticed another sign—the new edition of *Liber Amoris*—and now Mr. Gosse's edition of the *Conversations with Northcote* is announced, and the "Knickerbocker" selection from *The Spirit of the Age* (Putnam's Sons), edited by Mr. R. B. Johnson, comes to hand. "Fruitful in instruction and delight," as Mr. Saintsbury remarks, Hazlitt undoubtedly is, and we are inclined to think that his work as a critic had been somewhat neglected for some years previous to the appearance of the excellent essay in *Macmillan's Magazine* from which we quote. Mr. Johnson rightly styles Hazlitt a "stimulative" writer, and he has collected in the pretty pocket volume before us—one of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets"—the most stimulative of the essays in *The Spirit of the Age*. He has, with like judgment, made this selection representative of Hazlitt's foibles and prejudices, as well as of his literary gifts and critical powers. It is well, indeed, that those odd incursions of the politician and the partisan, as in the essays on Scott and Byron and Gifford, in the field of literary criticism, should not be omitted from a selection that aimed at presenting the characteristics of Hazlitt.

*By Moorland and Sea*, by Francis A. Knight (Elliot Stock), comprises agreeable sketches of native and natural history, with drawings by the author. Mr. Knight is a keen observer of the various objects of wild life discussed by him in this bright and engaging book. Especially pleasing to lovers of the country are his notes on bird life in Somersetshire, on the Yorkshire moors, and other districts of England. His opening chapters deal with his experiences of yachting in Scottish waters, and are cheerful reading, like the rest of the book. Those who love a vagrant life in the air, for a change, will read with zest Mr. Knight's paper on "Camping Out," and dull must be he who can read the excellent chapter on Sedgemoor—the place as it is, the battle and its memories—without a lively interest, and, perhaps, the desire to see, once more, how the novelists—Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Walter Besant, and Dr. Conan Doyle—have dealt with the theme.

Another book that invites us, with no uncertain charm, into the open air and far from populous towns, is *Random Recollections of Woodland, Fen, and Hill*, by J. W. Tutt, F.E.S. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), though Mr. Tutt's themes are, of course, mainly of scientific interest, and such as appeal to the young and zealous entomologist. Moths and butterflies are the objects of Mr. Tutt's open-air studies, as recorded in this interesting book, and the varied results of an old campaigner among field naturalists are therein gathered. There is nothing that savours of the cabinet and its pungent odours about these vivid and entertaining recollections of an experienced entomologist, and much that is of interest to the general reader, with still more that is likely to prove useful to the collector who does his own collecting.

The chief actors in Mr. Edward Lester Arnold's romance of the Knights of St. John and the Siege of Rhodes—*The Constable of St. Nicholas* (Chatto & Windus)—recall certain heroic yet familiar figures in older romance. As we follow the variegated career of the gallant yet somewhat distempered Oswald de Montaigne, we rub our eyes in doubt as to the identity of the Constable of St. Nicholas, and should scarcely feel surprised were he to appear as Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Then there is a Jew of Rhodes, who is a Greek also, and has a dark and comely daughter; while the heroine, though no Jewess, but of patrician English family, has all the qualities of Rebecca, and undergoes, with equal fortitude, Rebecca's chief trial. But the Lady Margaret Walsingham is what our purveyors of stage entertainments call "a strong lady," and in this respect superior to Scott's heroine. She successfully encounters a whole ladder-load of escalating Turks, and thus saves Rhodes from capture. Here is Mr. Arnold's opportunity; and it must be admitted that this exploit is absolutely original, in conception and in execution.

So many editions of the poetical works of George Herbert have appeared in recent years, it might seem that it would be difficult to put forth yet another that offered new features of interest. Yet this kind of attraction—the attraction of novelty of form—is certainly attained in the new illustrated edition of *The Temple*, published by Messrs. Seeley & Co., reprinted from the first edition, and embellished with engravings after old masters—Dürer, Marc Antonio, Holbein, Martin Schongauer, and others. The aim of the editor has been to give such illustration of the poems as may be considered contemporary, or such as might have been familiar to the poet. The engravings after Dürer are, of course, not what the critical would approve, as reproductions. They, and the rest after old masters, are employed purely as illustration, and in this capacity they are proper, indeed, to the text. But still more appropriate are the engravings after designs in books of emblems, such as George Whitney's *Choice of Emblems*, the book of *Bible Cuts* ascribed to Holbein, or Schopper's *Panoplia*, and similar works. These works furnish illustrations that are singularly pertinent. Equally well chosen are the cuts after William Hollar. The book, which is prettily bound and of handy size, is altogether full of interest and an agreeable novelty.

The versified novel in English literature is scarcely a conspicuous success. *Aurora Leigh* was once held in high repute as an example, though in the opinion of some critics it should be esteemed an example of warning. The late Lord Lytton's *Lucile* is, we are disposed to conclude, the exception to the rule that this form of composition is not well represented in modern English. The anonymous "society novel in rhymed verse" now before us—*Griselda* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—is not the kind of work that may be described as of absorbing interest. Nor is it, in point of execution, remarkable for brilliant craftsmanship. The verse shows considerable facility, and is pleasantly fluent. But it is wanting in the requisite lightness and *esprit*, as the following passages—where such qualities might be forthcoming, if anywhere—will suffice to show:—

O Love! what an absurdity thou art,  
How heedless of proportion, whole or part!  
Time, place, occasion, what are they to thee?  
Thou playest the wanton with Solemnity;  
The prince with Poverty, the rogue with Worth,  
The fool with all the Wisdom of the Earth.

Gottfried Kinkel, poet and revolutionist, is probably little but a name with most English readers. His career is recalled by the translation of his idyllic poem, *Tanagra* (Putnam's Sons), by Frances Hellman, with illustrations in photogravure after drawings by Mr. E. H. Blashfield. This pretty and sentimental idyl was written towards the close of Kinkel's life, and contrasts strongly with the stormy vicissitudes of the poet's experiences as a Liberal and active agitator during the revolutionary times of 1848-1849, and his subsequent years of imprisonment and exile. Mrs. Hellman inscribes her translation to Kinkel's colleague in

revolt and journalism, "Carl Schurz, once Freedom's ardent champion in the Fatherland, and ever since the faithful son of this, his adopted country"—this country being the United States, we suppose.

We have also received the fourth part of *Sacerdotalism*, by the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, M.A. (Longmans & Co.), a Letter addressed to the late Dr. Butler, Dean of Lincoln; *Select Poetry for Young Students*, by Thomas W. Lyster, M.A. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan), "Intermediate School Texts"; *Borderlands*, by Robert Mildred Bingley (Frowde); *The Last Days of the Carnival*, from the Russian of J. Kostromitus (Fisher Unwin); *I and Myself, and other Poems*, by Nina Frances Layard (Simpkin & Co.); the *Report of the Young Women's Christian Association* (Bristol: Rose & Harris); *Cassell's Portrait Catalogue* (Cassell & Co.), a series of portraits of authors and artists, "first list"; and a *List of Educational Works*, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, Limited.

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